THE BYSTANDER
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Gossip : Golf : Films : Fashions : Sport : Society

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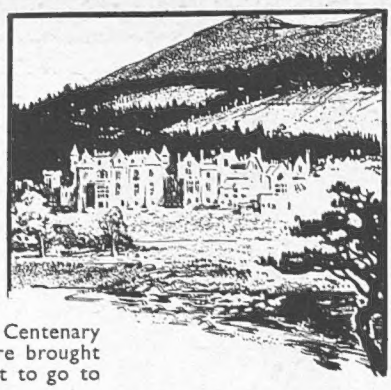

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JERSEY—*continued*

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The Bystander, July 13, 1932 No. 1491. Vol. CXV

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE LADY PAMELA SMITH

A new portrait of the younger daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead and the Countess of Birkenhead. Lady Pamela Smith took part in the French Picture Matinée last week, and a photograph of her in her costume appears on page 57

ENGAGED

Lenare

Miss Betty Hardicker

who is engaged to Mr. George Ellis Blundell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Blundell, of Wellfield, Lathom, Lancs. Miss Hardicker is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Hardicker and Mrs. Percy Dean

Bassano

The Hon. Stella Wynn

is the only child of Lord and Lady Newborough; her engagement to Mr. Charles Vivian Jackson, elder son of the late Sir Charles and Lady Jackson, of Ennismore Gardens, was announced early in June

Lenare

Miss Irene Hewitt

Miss Hewitt's fiancé, Mr. Michael Berkeley Levett, is the son of the Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Major Berkeley Levett, C.V.O. She is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Roland Hewitt

Lenare

Miss Isabel Gwendolen Hay

Claude Harris

Miss Joyce Cooper

Left: The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hay, of Bengeo House, Hertford, is engaged to Captain George Mark Davy, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, son of Captain and Mrs. G. C. H. Davy, of Cample Haye, Tavistock

Centre: Miss Joyce Cooper, the only daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper, of Greenways, is being married to Mr. Harry Scott, The Royals, son of the late Mr. J. H. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, of Eredine, Argyllshire, this month

Right: A new portrait of Miss Anne Charteris, the eldest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, whose engagement to Lord O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, Co. Antrim, was recently announced

Lenare

Miss Anne Charteris

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Sir George Johnstone has a house at Cowes, and is one of the yachting world "regulars"; he is seen herewith Miss Pentney

At Cowes

Kay Vaughan

A new portrait of Lady Annaly, who is an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York. She and Lord Annaly have two children, a son of five and a daughter of seven

Deserters from Mayfair

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley have not waited this year till the Season is over before going to the country; they are seen here, with their two children, at Great Tangley Manor, which they have taken for the summer

THE Season does not show any sign of waning yet. On the contrary, the optimism created by the Conversion Scheme has filled the restaurants and hotels, doubled the cocktail parties, and raised a smile on everyone, from cloakroom-men to millionaires. The Barney trial has ended in an extremely popular acquittal. There were a crowd of onlookers for the Varsity match, and the Eton boys who were beaten by the headmaster can sit down once more in comfort, even though they realise that 7s. 6d. for "school medicine" has been put on the books.

ONCE again Lady Wavertree had glorious weather for her annual garden party at Sussex Lodge. Prince Arthur of Connaught made an appearance, and so did most of the Ambassadors in London. Helen Wills told me that she was going off to Paris that night. Her husband has lost his job in San Francisco, but she has just signed a fat contract to syndicate articles for a chain of American newspapers, and so the two of them are going to live in Paris for six months. They have taken a studio flat there, and Helen Wills is going to take some more lessons in drawing. From the work Miss Mills has already done, it is evident that she shows great promise.

THE chief attraction about this garden party is that the stars all slam at the ball in a truly lighthearted way—a reaction from the tense atmosphere of Wimbledon. The Frenchmen, like Brugnon and Boussus, are particularly noticeable in this respect. Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira was one of the prettiest girls at Sussex Lodge. Lord Portarlington wore his decrepit straw hat with its I Zingari ribbon, which he appears to love dearly, and there were strawberry ices for all of us.

SEVERAL of the guests went on to Lord's, where Ratcliffe was paralysing thought and interest with his disgracefully slow batting. I say "disgracefully" because, if sporting cricket disappears from the Varsity match, it is likely to disappear altogether One of the spectators on the first day was Lord Birkenhead—probably having a respite from the biography of his father. He is, normally, by no means a cricket fan. Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine was also to be seen in front of the "Junior Hawks," while Mr. John Cecil, who married a Vanderbilt and gave up the Diplomatic, gazed gloomily at the pitch in the tea interval.

THE most interesting man at Lord's was a very distinguished member of the Egyptian Government, who was seen to applaud a four with just as much fervour as the immediate fall of a wicket. His reason for this peculiar behaviour was that, after three years at Magdalen College, Oxford, he went on to King's College, Cambridge, to learn Oriental languages. There are not more than fifty Englishmen alive who have been undergraduates at both Oxford and Cambridge, but he is one of them.

EVERY year it seems to become more and more of a vogue to wear your most decrepit grey flannel trousers at the Varsity match. "Peripatetic" Jim Lawrence was an exception, though he did not go so far as two misguided males, who wore grey hats and tail coats. One can leave all that for the Eton and Harrow match, always in the hope that Harrow will beat Eton and a certain amount of hat-bashing will result.

IT was at Lord's that I heard the verdict of the Barney case, and when the evening newspapers arrived, all interest in the match stopped temporarily. Incidentally, a certain amount of money changed hands. Shrewd people had laid anything from 5 to 1 to 6 to 4 on a complete acquittal. The verdict must have done Sir Patrick Hastings an immense amount of good. It was the first murder trial in which he had appeared since he secured the conviction of Vaquier, nearly eight years ago.

SYMPATHISE with Mr. Loel Guinness and also with Sir John Milbanke and Mr. Rupert Belville. When I met Sir John having a swim, he said that he and Mr. Belville had been lent Mr. Guinness's Moth aeroplane, but when they went to find it, it had completely disappeared from the aerodrome. So far as I know, there have been no instances of stolen aeroplanes in this country. But the time may come.

AT the Café de Paris, Rex Hartley and his wife were dancing on extension night and delighted about their trip to America on September 6. "Oh, yes," said somebody, "Rex is playing in the Wightman Cup, isn't he?" Lord Tennyson and Lady Alington danced energetically in the middle of the room. "Fruity" Metcalfe looked handsome. Fred Astaire sat with Mrs. Potter, and looked devoted. Several women who had been to the sales evidently could not bear to wait until the winter, and wore their speckless new ermines, despite the warmth.

THERE was no sign of Miss Margaret Whigham. Messrs. Charles Sweeney and Max Aitken gossiped in the doorway. Mr. Edward Fitzclarence looked sullenly handsome. The men stared at Elizabeth Janns. Lord

Lady Wavertree's Charity Lawn-Tennis Party at Sussex Lodge: Some of the Players and

Left: Miss T. Cecil, one of the spectators, arriving at Lady Wavertree's Lawn-Tennis Party. Right: Miss Molly Vaughan, Lady Veronica Hornby and Lord Portarlington

Two players and two spectators: Mrs. Lycett, Miss Greta Collins, Mrs. Phillip Legge and Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall

Suzanne on Court

The ex-champion did not play, but Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen was conspicuously on view at the exhibition matches at Lady Wavertree's, when she umpired

Sefton made an elegant entry. Eric Hatry sat near the orchestra, looking pensive, and everyone was talking either about the eloping couple who cannot get across the Channel and are stranded at Bournemouth, or of the libel action brought by Lady Louis Mountbatten against a certain Sunday newspaper.

THE Guinnesses once again popped up last week as hostesses. Mrs. Bryan Guinness gave a dance for Miss Unity Mitford on Thursday, and thus qualified as the youngest dance hostess of the year. There was also a dance at 10, Grosvenor Place.

Spectators present

Mrs. Converse and Miss Sonia Converse leaving the court

Hay Wrightson

Miss Christobel More-Molyneux

is a débutante of this year. Her mother owns Loseley Park, near Guildford, a very beautiful house; the Queen went there to see it quite recently

A Recent Military Wedding

Above: Miss Audrey Ballard and Mr. K. O. N. Foster, Northumberland Fusiliers, were married at St. Jude's, South Kensington. The bridegroom's brother-officers formed the guard of honour

Below: Mr. Ereld Cardiff, Scots Guards, and Miss Peggy Pope, married at the Guards' Chapel last week, were piped out of church by the regimental pipers. Miss Pope's veil became fashionably windswept for a few seconds

Another Military Wedding

At Holy Trinity, Brompton

Mr. Peter Moncrieff Forrester and Miss Winifred Averil Acklom leaving the church after their wedding. Miss Acklom's two bridesmaids and small page wore green, now as fashionable as it was once considered unlucky

Mr. Churchill was there, and Randolph (who talked much less than usual), and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin (where is their daughter, Betty, these days ?).

THE orchestra wore Tyrolean costume, and supper was served in the ball-room, so that you could get up and dance or sit down and drink without going through the door and being

Engaged

Mr. Somerset de Chair, son of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, and Miss Thelma Arbuthnot, a débutante of last year, have just announced their engagement. They are seen here leaving the Varsity Match last week

Married

Mr. Rupert Preston, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Mary Pitcairn, daughter of Mrs. F. B. Pitcairn, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where they were married

marshalled in a queue. Lady Violet Dundas was one of the prettiest girls there, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley was the prettiest "young married." Altogether, it was a thoroughly good dance, with Lady Irwin and her daughter Anne among the guests.

DESPITE the dances, Quaglino's and the Embassy were as crowded as ever. Gloria Swanson has made her reappearance at the latter place, and one also observed Mr. Alec Tuck, who, with Mr. James Stewart, Mr. Carol Carstairs, Mr. Wilfred Bennett, and Mr. Clive Martyn, was *the* young-man-about-London ten years ago. He has married again. At Quaglino's, Lady Ravensdale was with a young foreigner with an eyeglass, who danced better than any professional. Mlle. Regis de Oliveira talked Portuguese to her escort, who also wore an eyeglass. Mr. William Walker and Miss Iris Ashley sang, and altogether it was a pleasant evening.

THE river and the road-houses have not been deserted, either. They have had gay times at Bray and Datchet and Maidenhead, and a new swimming pool was opened at midnight at the Ace of Spades. The Houston Sisters were very funny in a beach-suit act. Mr. Tommy Burns gave a high-diving display. Mrs. Cecil Pim's party included Mr. Harold Huth. Cricket was represented by Mr. F. S. G. Calthorpe and Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, and the proceedings were filmed by Pathé.

PUNCH'S Club is going great guns, and Arthur Elliott must be making a small fortune, despite the very low prices he charges. I was the guest of Lady Hadfield on the eve of her departure to the North of Ireland, where she is staying as a guest of Lord and Lady Enniskillen. They have a lovely place, with nothing but candles and lamps at night, however. Sir Robert Hadfield has now hurried back from a brief holiday in France in answer to the call of the Conversion Scheme.

TO-MORROW the Dowager Lady Alington will open the Summer Fête and Concours d'Elégance, which takes place at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. There will be Yo-Yo contests, with prizes, and demonstrations by the boy champion. Several stage and film stars will direct various side-shows, and motor rally classes by Captain Wolff Barnato and Sir Malcolm Campbell are sure to be a popular feature.

Miss Diane Chamberlain appears to be in difficulties when arriving in the rain at the recent French Picture Matinée

Miss Florence Scheftel outside His Majesty's Theatre in the costume she wore in the group in Lancret's picture, "La Camargo," in which Alanova appeared as Camargo herself

APOLOGY TO THE HON. EDWARD (EDDIE) WARD

THE BYSTANDER very much regrets the references to the Hon. Edward (Eddie) Ward made in "Hors d'Œuvres" on the 29th ult., which contained inaccurate remarks about him and stated that he was present at a certain party in Town when he was, in fact, on duty in the Country.

We realise that there was no foundation whatever for these remarks, and in withdrawing them we tender to Mr. Ward our sincere apologies for any pain or annoyance that our contributor's errors may have caused him or his family.

Left: Bridesmaids and pages who attended the Hon. Diana Carleton at her marriage to Lord Fitz-Harris: the group includes Lady Anne Wellesley, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Miss Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Miss Esther Darlington, Miss Betty Sclater, Miss Diana Hesketh-Prichard, Miss Mary Somerset, Master John Fremantle, Master Harry Mildmay

A Wedding Group in Green and White

July Weddings

The Popular Seventh

Mr. Alistair Cobbold and Miss Molloy

St. Martin-in-the-Fields and July 7 were chosen by Mr. Alistair Cobbold, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cobbold, of Tattingstone Park, Ipswich, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Molloy for their wedding. The bride is the only child of the late Mr. Brian Molloy and Mrs. Molloy, of Langford Lodge, Crumlin, Co. Antrim

Mr. Peter Chance and Miss Rosemary Gregory-Hood

Viscount Fitz-Harris and the Hon. Diana Carleton

Lord Fitz-Harris, only son of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, and Lord and Lady Dorchester's elder daughter, were married last Thursday at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Miss Carleton wore the brocade dress, Brussels lace veil, and orange blossom which her mother wore at her wedding

Left: Another of last Thursday's weddings was that of Mr. P. K. Chance, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Chance, of Radford Manor House, Leamington, and Miss Gregory-Hood, Major and Mrs. Gregory-Hood's daughter. They were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Gregory-Hood had eight bridesmaids, wearing green chiffon dresses

Racing: By "Regular"

The Ring and the Book

Racing at Bibury

Lady Sybil Phipps, who lives not far away, at Chalcot, Westbury

Above: The Hon. Mrs. Frankland, daughter-in-law of Baroness Zouche, and Lady Allerton, walking to the paddock at Bibury

Another photograph taken at the Bibury Club Meeting, which all racegoers must agree is one of the most pleasant of the smaller meetings in the South: Miss Hare and Miss Sybil Hare

WHO wins? That's what we all want to know. Chick Endor sings a song, "Who's the fellow who pays the woman who pays and pays and pays?" Equally, I feel like composing one: "Who 's the fellow who wins the money we lose and lose and lose?"

YOU lose and I lose, while the bookmakers assure us that they haven't had a winning week since Lincoln. Where, then, does all this money go to? One cannot help but admire the enormous resources possessed by our leading bookmakers. They never win, they never owe, and yet they go on for ever.

MR. JACK CLAYTON won a huge sum at Epsom, but he didn't win everyone's money, and if rumour doesn't lie, even this most astute and fortunate of punters has had a losing bet or two since that remarkable week.

NO, we must look further afield than Mr. Clayton, and the only conclusion one can arrive at is that that most truthful body of men whose object in life is to lay us 6 to 4 about a 2 to 1 chance, have mastered the intricate puzzle of subtraction, but are still woefully ignorant when it comes to addition.

RACING on the July course was extremely pleasant, especially for those who didn't bet. The racing here has one peculiarity—not even the best reader of a race can have the least idea of what 's in front till the horses are practically at the winning-post.

FURTHERMORE, you get an entirely different impression of a race if you watch it from the Stand side than if you watch it from the Plantation side, where all the élite gather, and, if they 're sensible, stay there out of harm's way, for amid these rustic surroundings there are no bookmakers—only a "Tote," which, thank heaven! is dumb, but, on one occasion, paid odds of over 400 to 1.

ONE of these days, the Jockey Club are going to turn this somewhat primitive, though, nevertheless, wonderfully attractive course into a real slap-up affair, if the present scaffoldings and skeletons are any criterion.

I WAS particularly glad to hear that the most imposing-looking building of the lot was being designed for the Silver Ring, because, if Lord Carnarvon runs King Salmon many more times, carrying the "maximum stable confidence," the whole of Mayfair will be frequenting it, and I 'm glad to know they 'll be comfortable.

KING SALMON'S brother, Blenheim, won the Derby, and his father, Salmon Trout, won the St. Leger, so, as Lord Carnarvon truthfully averred—he ought to be a good horse. I have a brother who nearly became a parson, and a father who actually was a churchwarden; so, you see, it doesn't always signify.

LADY CARNARVON looked delightfully cool, even after King Salmon's defeat, which is more than "Porchy" and one or two others did. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, always animated, became even more so. Lady Evelyn is not a big 'un, but she does cover the ground. I award her the palm, with Mrs. Vernet, as being the hardest-worked woman on our racecourses.

HER husband, Sir Brograve, is always stoical in the hour of defeat. Someone suggested they should consult the oracle, Mr. Clayton; which they did. Mr. Clayton was somewhat reticent, and could find no explanation. His mother and sister, on the other hand, had quite a lot to say. Dick Dawson said something in Irish which I could not understand.

ONE and all agreed that Mr. Sidney Beer wasn't such a bad judge as they 'd first thought in exchanging his race-glasses for the conductor's baton. And how the Debs and post-Debs love a band-leader!

TALKING of music, in the July Cup we were treated to a most enlivening Concerto supplied by the Cunliffe-Owens. Concerto's victory here earned him the right to be considered the best six-furlong horse in the country.

"JOBBING backwards" never got one anywhere, but what a gilt-edged good thing Concerto must have been for the Wokingham Stakes with 8 st. 6 lb.! One never ought to have stopped betting. The only fly in the ointment was that one didn't know then what one knows now, and that makes all the difference.

ONCE upon a time, Lady Cunliffe-Owen used to set the Ring alight in no uncertain fashion, and the size and nature of her transactions used to be the chief topic at every cocktail party at the Embassy, or any place where serious-minded men and women gather together to discuss the things that really matter in life.

YOU weren't thought a bit smart unless you could say, "Helen 's done her boots in again, and Hugo 's livid." Actually, Sir Hugo got a great deal of amusement out of his wife 's tilts at the Ring, though on one or two occasions his laugh must have been rather an expensive one.

LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN, though, had an amazing faculty for "getting out." Frequently I have known her have an alarming adverse balance on the Wednesday or Thursday evening, but she almost invariably used to "scramble out" on the Friday. I wish she 'd taught me her secret.

TIMES have changed now, and neither Lady Cunliffe-Owen nor her husband seem to have quite their erstwhile enthusiasm. Let 's hope, though, that the triumphs of Concerto, who is by their own horse, Orpheus, will renew their "Regularity." We miss them badly.

WOMEN, these days (husbands, sugar-daddies, and boy friends offer a prayer of thanksgiving!), bet very small. For this idyllic state of affairs, we have first and foremost to thank the "Tote."

"READY" was the only word the gentlemen at the little windows had ever heard of. Unlike their confrères with the loud voices behind the rails, they had never heard of credit. And so wives who were someone else's girl friends, and girl friends who were someone else's wives, had two bob on, when, in the bad old days, they 'd have had two quid, and the world was happier.

HUSBANDS and boy friends, though, have never, in the history of the world, been free from worry for more than a few weeks. So long as the "Tote" demanded "Ready," they went racing with the easy assurance that they only had their own account to settle each Monday morning.

Lady Mount Temple appeared as "La Pompadour," of Boucher's picture, in the French Picture Matinée last week, which was held in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital and Papworth Village Settlement

Below: "L'Indifférent," the famous picture by Watteau, was represented by Mrs. Archie Campbell

The French Picture Matinée

Eighteenth-Century Beauties seen at His Majesty's Theatre

Above: Lady Pamela Smith as "Madame Récamier," by Gérard, helping the Hon. Sheila Berry to make up to represent "Madame Seriziat," by David

Right: The tableau of Boucher's "Les Deux Confidentes" was posed by Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton

"Buy a Programme, Please!"

Lady Elizabeth Hare, Lady Anne Bridgeman, and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice were programme-sellers at Miss Vacani's Dancing Matinée last week, given in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Above: Lady Alexander, who marshalled the programme-sellers, with Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, who was one of her many helpers

Right: Two of the younger of Lady Alexander's band of programme-sellers—Lady Elizabeth and Lady Diana Percy, daughters of the Duchess of Northumberland

The Hon. Diana Russell, Mrs. Vernon Tate's eldest daughter, was yet another of those who sold programmes at Miss Vacani's Matinée

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Sasha

Dancing at the Ace of Spades Club, near Kingston, when the opening of the new swimming-bath there was celebrated by a party given in aid of the Surbiton Hospital: Miss Joan Barry and Captain Pim

Swaebe

Above: Lady Stratheden at Poulsen's Club, now an established favourite among hot-weather resorts

I SAW the "smartest woman in Paris" in London—Mrs. Reggie Fellowes; she is incredibly chic, and very fascinating; she is a Russian, and when Russians go Parisian, believe me, they are worth looking at! Lady Abdy is also a Russian who has made her name by being perfectly smart. Mrs. Fellowes wrote an amusing novel; it's time she gave us another.

LUNCHEON time at the Ritz in London is rather like the Ritz in Paris, for one meets the world and his wife and their children. Mme. Alanova—English—and Mrs. Fellowes, aforementioned; Spanish Royalty, Mrs. Corrigan, the Aga Khan, and Indian potentates; Lady Dashwood, Canadian; Lady Jersey, Australian; Lady Glentanar, Swedish; all good-looking women. And, of course, a few smart, clever and brilliant people represent Mayfair, such as Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway, and Mr. Quintin Gilbey, before he went abroad.

ROUSON

An incident at the party on the opening night at the Ace of Spades Club: Lord Donegall telling Miss Irene Russell that her scarlet bouquet doesn't match her Titian hair, and Miss Russell not minding at all; she likes it that way

MRS. RICHARD NORTON has cut her hair much shorter and wears her curls quite close to her head. Lady Alington, on the contrary, like her sister, Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, is faithful to the very long, old-fashioned bob; her cousin, Lady Sybil Lygon, is windswept; Lady Mary Lygon has the most lovely hair in that family, naturally curly, and arranged so that it frames her face.

TALKING of Mrs. Richard Norton, I think she has almost the largest and most beautiful eyes in London. The Marquise de Casa Maury's are perhaps larger, but not so lovely. Lady Louis Mountbatten has enormous eyes, with a very charming expression, and Gertrude Lawrence has big, roguish eyes. Lady Seafield has, perhaps, the smallest pair of eyes of anyone we all know.

THE little lady and the big, good-looking man who were discovered on the riverbank, have told too many people under a vow of secrecy; on these occasions, "mum's the word!"

THERE are several very attractive young American wives, married to English husbands, whom we don't hear much about. They all seem to be tall, very thin, and vivacious. Mrs. Alfred Pemberton is one; her husband is son of the famous Max; she is great fun. Mrs. George Monkland is another, whom I often meet at Le Touquet; her house in Carlos Place is charming. And now, what about an English husband for the tall, thin, and so charming Miss Doris Duke?

WHAT has happened to all the big hats this summer? I don't like Lady Carisbrooke's small-brimmed pull-on straws; I don't care for Lady Cambridge's rather extraordinary semi-small hats; I love Lady Edward Hay's big-brimmed hats in lots of attractive colours.

WHAT a pity a young man of talent and a certain amount of charm must drink so much; is it because of a dark and very attractive young woman?

WHY must a very pretty young-married use such vulgar words to express herself? There are certain words which should never be spoken by a woman. They are not funny or witty, only dirty.

TOES are not pretty. I'm so tired of these sandals; rather crushed, pathetic small toes nestle against a large, ill-shaped big toe with a suspicion of a bunion. Rosita Forbes was one of the first people to show her feet in public. Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Rose Bingham, and the Horlick-Nicholses have followed the fashion. Many folk should be forcibly stockinged.

THINGS that I would like to alter are: the shortness of Mrs. Bossom's evening dresses; Lady Hindlip's raised-elbow way of dancing; the untidiness of Mr. John de Forest's hair; a certain young woman's rudeness to waiters; and Lady Dashwood's Victorian hats.

THINGS I don't want to alter are: the perfection of Lady Bridget Poulett's oval-shaped face; the charming personality of Miss Violet Loraine; Lady Chelmsford's white hair; Miss Kathleen Horlick's neatness, Mrs. Redmond McGrath's good taste; and Lord Knebworth's attractiveness.

The New Plays

Swan Song of a Nightingale

Edith Evans goes all Operatic

Old prima donnas never die, they simply sing—and sing—away. . . . Irela, crowned with a diamond tiara as the Queen of Song, is one of the Die-hards. At sixty, or more, her voice is on the wane. Her top C is groggy and the difficult operatic passages are camouflaged by timely crescendos from the orchestra. But if the vocal chords are weak, the spirit behind them is dauntless. Not one inch will the Queen of Song budge from her throne so that her lawful successor, Baba Letoile, may plant thereon the proud foot of a Spanish conqueror.

All rather sad, I think, this swan song of a nightingale declining to be stilled. Middle age is the easiest part of life, youth the most dangerous and exciting, old age the most pathetic and exacting. To grow old gracefully, knowing when to struggle and when to surrender, always seems to me the supreme test. I felt uncomfortable and sorry at the spectacle of Irela unmasked. Absurd, no doubt, for the Queen of Song was a very tiresome, selfish, mean, possessive, tyrannical woman. It was illuminative to observe her profound conceit and childish vanity. Her jealousy and treatment of a youthful rival were amusing, for hell has no fury to compare with the professional cattiness of warring divas. All the same, the more Beverley Nichols de-bunked his tragi-comic diva, the more did I shrink from, so to speak, being in at the death. Perhaps it is morbid or cowardly to prefer flaming Spring to lukewarm Autumn; but this twilight of a goddess in need of a voice lift seemed almost bad form, rather like Gilbert's unchivalrous habit of sneering at faded spinsterhood. I thought of the Old Testament bears who administered a nasty lesson to certain mocking and precocious youngsters.

Luckily for my humane instincts, Edward Knoblock, the arch-expert in achieving the reputedly impossible task of making good novels into good plays, has taken the sting out of a portrait which, in the novel, is deeply etched with venom. The Irela of the play is pitched in a kinder key. She wilts, rather than withers, before one's eyes, and her saving graces of tantrums, wit and wheedlings, gloss over the undercurrents of remorseless exposure. Messrs. Knoblock and Nichols have agreed to pull the lady's leg rather than strip her soul naked. And yet the portrait is not too lenient: on the contrary, the lines are there to be read through, unmistakably, but not unmercifully, sharp.

Any actress who can make an elderly heroine hold her ground for three acts is not doing badly. Edith Evans held hers with such supreme command of the emotions and affectations that every facet and foible of the woman glistened like cut diamonds, until, taking shape, the complete artifice grew into one flawless tiara, rippling with light and shade, a set-piece among jewels. The part is obviously as full of riches as Aladdin's Cave, but the actress, magnificently cast, positively left no stone unturned. In plain words, she scooped the pool, and brought back great acting to the London stage. Those who love both should see *Evensong* for the sake of this one *tour de force*. The play itself is merely a workmanlike setting for this brilliant solo of sharp silhouettes and subtle implications. Admirably as Joan Harben and Harry Wilcoxon played Irela's niece-secretary and the young Canadian photographer who finally bolted with the unselfish victim of her aunt's possessiveness, these young people awaken no profound interest in their fate. One was almost glad to see them elope at last, bound for Fiji and a job of £1800 a year (more than The Bystander pays its photographers!), plus expenses. We dramatic critics must try our luck with a Kodak and apply to Mr. Cecil Beaton for the loan of his sisters.

The Author Who Kept Them Waiting

When the curtain fell on the first night of "Evensong," enthusiastically received at the Queen's Theatre, there were loud calls for "Author!" but Beverley Nichols, who had written the play with Edward Knoblock, was so shy that nothing and nobody could induce him to appear. He was, however, photographed behind the scenes, and here he is with Mr. George Booth on the left, Miss Edith Evans on the right, and Edward Knoblock

A Stage Queen at the "Ace of Spades"

Our artist's impression of Margaret Bannerman, who was one of the well-known theatrical celebrities visiting the "Ace of Spades," near Kingston, on the occasion of the opening of the new bathing-pool there recently

Irela's romance is no less shadowy. Frederick Leister makes an unstagey and sympathetic figure of the Austrian Arch-duke, whom Irene Vanbrugh, warmly welcomed, brings back, in a brief scene, from the twenty-year-old past, with a belated offer of marriage on his lips. My belief in the fidelity of Arch-dukes remains *in statu quo*.

Athole Stewart is now the fashionable producer, and rightly so, to judge only by two eloquent green-room conversation-pieces which mark the difference between the rival prima donnas and their followers. Irela's first-night gathering is a polite welter of floral tributes, flattery and old fogeys. Baba's noisier triumph is a babble of Bright Young Things. To repeat the same scene, with a difference, is a cunning move in stage tactics, and as good a piece of theatre as the climax to the battle of Age *v.* Youth—the fiery Spaniard trilling her defiant top-notes down the passages, while Irela, raising jealous arms to heaven, stands smitten with temporary paralysis. Beatrix Fielden-Kaye as Irela's maid, Reginald Tate as the volatile Rosenberg, and Ethel Glendinning as the Spanish diva, are excellent; Wilfrid Lawson compresses a brilliant character-study of a queer, temperamental Russian into fine limits, and a large cast do full justice to the smaller parts. Put this worth-while play on your list.

Trinculo.

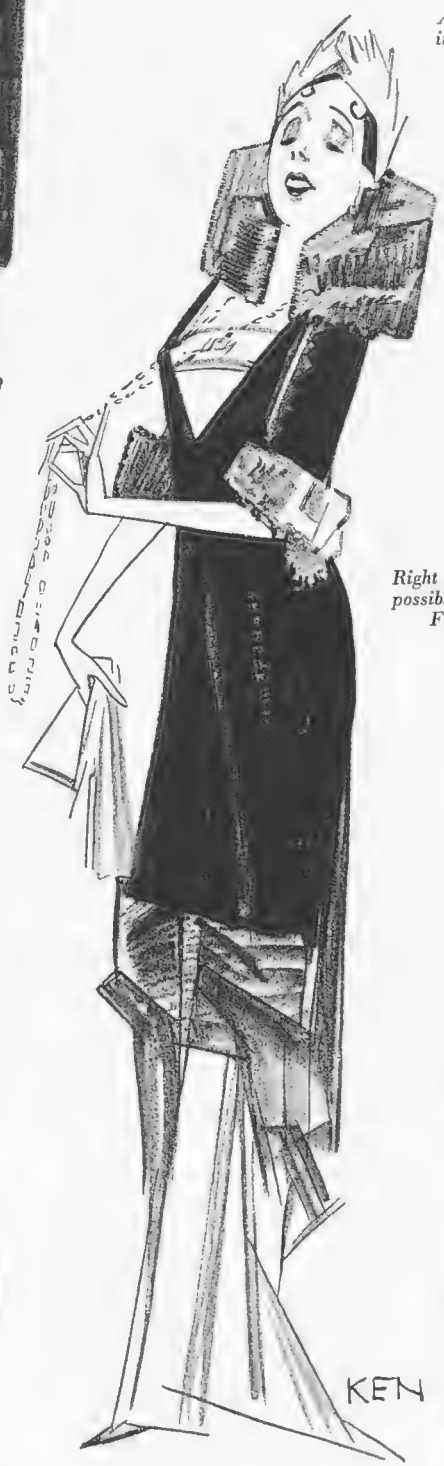
Moods of the Moment

Edith Evans in "EVENSONG"

at the Queen's Theatre

Edith Evans, as the prima donna, unreasonable with Wilfred Lawson

Above, right: Edith Evans in a frenzy, all by herself



Above: Edith Evans exults after her many triumphs

Right: Edith Evans impossibly possessive with Frederick Leister

Left: Edith Evans tragic with Violet Vanbrugh

Edith Evans peevish with Harry Wilcoxon

Hollywood's Blonde Venuses

Some of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greater and lesser stars: In the centre is Marion Davies; above her are Leila Hyams, Karen Morley and Anita Page; on her left is Ruth Selwyn and on her right Una Merkel; below are Mary Carlisle, Joan Marsh, and Virginia Bruce

"Girl Crazy": A F

Above: Some of the girls in "Girl Crazy," the R.K.O.-Radio comedy to be seen soon at the Regal, in which Wheeler and Woolsey are the shining lights

Cedric Belfrage on The Passing Picture Show

To an old grouch like myself, the "happy" song, as featured in most of our current British musical talkies, is perhaps the greatest menace of the age. How these songs can inspire in people anything but an insane desire to run amok and eat their young is one of the problems with which I have lately been occupying myself. My friends think me a pretty queer sort of horse because, when I feel depressed, instead of reaching for a Woodhouse book or going to see a "sunshine" movie, I find comfort in Poe or Tolstoy, or in the cinematic dirges of Comrade Eisenstein. An hour or two spent in contemplation of the fact that my dejection is a mere bagatelle compared with that of the world's genuine unfortunates, brings the smiles back to my wan cheeks.

That the contemplation of happiness in others is regarded by most people as the correct cure for the blues, I can understand, even though the prescription does not work in my own case. But the drivelling inanity of the "happy" song merchants baffles me, because I cannot conceive of anything more depressing than the spectacle of "happiness" based on nothing at all. Is it possible that anyone actually feels brighter for seeing some film hussy get up on her hind legs and tell us that she doesn't know why she's happy, she only knows she is? If you are out of a job, have lover trouble, and/or your wife has just returned from her fifth week-end this year with "her old nurse," at the Metropole, Brighton, can it be of any comfort to hear Sydney Howard in "The Mayor's Nest," conduct a chorus of—

> Say to yourself—I will be happy
> I will be happy today.

Nor, I should have imagined, would it exactly help a man to hear the bitter blows of Fate to be so perpetually instructed from stage or screen that—

> If you want to drive
> your cares away,
> Just snap your fingers
> and begin to say:
> Dum dum diddle um
> Dum dum diddle um
> day.

Still, perhaps this formula has more to it than would appear on the surface. One might wittily remark that it is at least more effective than most of the prosperity and happiness measures brought in by our dear Government. (Roars of uncontrollable laughter.)

I HEAR from Hollywood (here's one for you men) that the new talkie version of "Rain," which has just been completed by Lewis ("All Quiet") Milestone, with Joan Crawford in the Thompson rôle, is the sizzlingest thing since films talked.

"The toughest and most vicious picture of the year," so my correspondent, whose moral dignity is clearly outraged, describes it. He continues: "If the British Board of Censors pass a foot of it, I can only say, 'Boy Died for Purity.'"

Well, we shall see. . . . You never know with those old dabbils, the British censors. The fact that Wardour Street's leading scissor baron is almost totally blind imports to the passing show of film censorship a suspenseful zip. The show is infinitely funnier than any circus.

Films like "Scarface," which provide a sort of post-graduate course in the Higher Crime for our Borstal fluvial and other shady citizens, sail by with only a nominal five per cent. of the murders deleted. Meanwhile, the censors recoil in horror from the sound of an old-world raspberry. When the very entertaining picture "What Price Hollywood?" is put on in the early autumn, you will notice the scene from which this sound has been expunged—and you will breathe a great sigh of thankfulness to the censors for thus protecting your dear, tender morals.

Reasons Why

Well, it looks like a busy season ahead for the men with the shears. Here are some extracts from the forthcoming programme of just one American company:

"Rackety Rax!"—Racketeers gone collegiate. Gun molls gone co-ed. Turning the campus into a hotspot of sexology, sockology, ginology, and jazzology.

"Born Wild."—Untamed, unashamed, *free*—amid the shadows of grim buildings — catching sunshine in crowded parks — snatching kisses in dark hallways.

"Red Dancer."—Glamorous foot-loose beauty seeking men and money in pent-house parties.

"Shanghai Madness."—Shanghai—glamorous, perilous, treacherous—luring a beautiful girl to explore its evil heart and all but destroying her.

"Bought on Time."—A pent-house blonde who loved in instalments and wouldn't go off the gold standard.

"Havoc."—Taunted by her smile—haunted by her kisses—men lied, stole, betrayed and killed—in an unholy struggle for the soul of this woman.

MEANWHILE, do not think that Elstree is lagging behind. The British International geniuses have just produced a picture with the inspirationally vulgar title, "Strip, Strip, Hooray."

So everything is going to be all right.

THE attention of West End chuckling circles has been occupied of late by the newly acquired cockiness of certain local film doges. Just because some of their productions have been rather lucky at the box-offices during recent months, these gentlemen are beginning to believe what they pay their own Press agents to say—that they are geniuses—and to act accordingly. The spectacle is arousing quiet guffaws on the studio lots, and out of earshot of the Big Boys—especially in view of the fact that the mere mention in the City of the companies presided over by the "geniuses" is enough to make strong stockbrokers break down and cry for restoratives.

A certain charming blonde actress asked one of these Might Men of Elstree if he had seen .... (mentioning a very fine German film).

"Oh, no," replied he, "what on earth should I go and see that for? The Germans don't know how to make films, anyhow. I don't go to pictures—I produce them. Do you know what ..... did at the box-office?" He then launched into the usual statistics which Elstree producers quote to prove that their films are the best in the world, but which contrast oddly with the value of their companies' shares on the market.

Arlinne Judge as the rancher's daughter, and Eddie Quillan, the king whoopee-maker who falls in love with her, in "Girl Crazy"

Betty Grable in "Hold 'Em Jail," another Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, in which she plays the part of the warder's daughter and is most distracting to the prisoners

FILMS ABOUT TOWN

The Mayor's Nest. I think I can detect a good idea lurking somewhere at the back of this funeral procession from Elstree. (See if you can.)

The Road to Life. The first Russian talkie shown here. Too long, but full of dignity, sincerity, and purpose, with a really interesting story and fine acting thrown in. Pay it a visit if you aren't afraid to be serious.

Mr. Bill the Conqueror. A straightforward English stuff, featuring Henry Kendall in a story ranging from farce to melodrama in rather old-fashioned style. Excellent photography doing justice to a countryside which is only made in England. These shots are well chosen.

This Dud Cheque Nonsense!

By Charles Gay

Decorations by Batt

IT is recorded in the archives of Mayfair and Monte Carlo that an impoverished but titled young couple spent ten days of their honeymoon at the smartest hotel in Monaco. On the tenth day they sent for the manager and indignantly pointed out half a dozen assorted earwigs and beetles meandering over the bedroom floor. The horrified manager urged them to tell nobody, as it would ruin the reputation of the hotel, and when they virtuously protested that they considered it their duty to protect their countless friends against a similar experience, offered with tears in his eyes to charge them nothing for the whole of their stay if they could conceal the shameful truth. With apparent reluctance, they agreed. I say apparent, because the ingenious couple had, of course, imported the earwigs and beetles themselves with just this object in view. This trick was copied by a number of people with great success, until some busybody of a novelist turned it into a book, and the ruse could no longer be worked.

TO-DAY, the young man or woman who cannot pay a bill is not half so amusing or intelligent in handling the predicament. All they do is to write a cheque and hope for the best, or merely sign the bill with equal optimism, promising to pay next time they call. The trouble is that either they do not call, or else the cheque comes back. This is rather a pity, because, until five years ago, an English cheque on the Continent was as good as banknotes. To-day, they refuse them in Belgium, look askance at them in Germany, and clap you in jail if they are R.D. in France. In London though, the merry little game still goes on, and dolorous restaurant managers wring their hands at the thought that they can do nothing about it. In France a dud cheque is enough to justify an immediate warrant for your arrest. Over here, it has to be presented three times and returned each time before action can be taken. Even then the case is not heard for six months, the costs are about sixty pounds, and the unfortunate Italian throws away good money after bad, as well as acquiring a reputation for being unkind to his clients.

WHAT a swine he is, to be sure. Look at the profits he makes out of caviare. It is at least fifty-five per cent. on the purchasing price, and then when you write him a teeny-weeny cheque which a ridiculously hard-hearted bank manager happens to refuse to cash, he wants to treat you like a common criminal. It is just as if he does not realise what a difference you have made to his restaurant by bringing all your friends, like young Wotherspoon (true, he is an undischarged bankrupt, but that is not his fault, poor boy!), and Lady Lilac Lipstick (who is always being photographed in the papers when she is not doing crowd work at Elstree), and Hugo Horrible, who is, technically, at least, an Honourable.

"We are their advertisement. They ought to pay us to go and eat in their blasted restaurants"

WHAT is the good of being a younger son if restaurant managers will not cash your cheques? Even if they come back, it only means a fiver to him, and a fiver to a profiteer like him is about twenty pounds to you, poor chap. The only thing to do is to put him in his place, and if he has the impertinence to say anything about it to you, to warn him that if he is not jolly careful you won't come into his confounded restaurant again, and will tell all your friends how filthy his food is nowadays. Why, his smoked salmon nearly gave you ptomaine poisoning last week. That will bring him to his senses, all right.

SOME idiot has been writing articles in the Press about Mayfair's black list—saying that there are about three hundred people who go around giving dud cheques. What of it? It is said that three per cent. of the turnover in a smart restaurant has to be written off as bad debts. The proprietors are lucky that it is not a good deal more, when you consider their profits. It is said that we don't mind having our cheques returned; that we feel no humiliation; that we actually visit restaurants again where our cheques have come back. Well, and why not? We have to live, and if we did not go to these restaurants, the suburbanites and provincials who go there in the hopes of seeing us would not dream of going there either. They ought to pay us to go and eat in their blasted restaurants. As it is, they can consider themselves jolly lucky that they only occasionally find that one of our cheques cannot temporarily be met.

AFTER all, there are far too many of these places. Five years ago, there were only about a dozen where a gentleman could be seen. To-day there are twenty or thirty, but there are no more of us. In fact, there are rather fewer. So what can they expect? It is stated that any new restaurant must expect to have at least £600 worth of bad cheques in the first three weeks. But the restaurant gets the reputation of being crowded and the manager ought to realise that one must pay for things like that. How would he have liked to have the place empty? Of course, he would have hated it like hell. In that case, what is the fuss all about? I will tell you. It is a paltry fifty thousand pounds a year spread over at least twenty restaurants and hotels

Lenare

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 7. Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth

Lord and Lady Weymouth, who were married in 1927, are two of the most popular members of the younger set. Lord Weymouth is M.P. for the Frome Division of Somerset, and he and Lady Weymouth live just outside his constituency, at Greenaway House, Warminster

If Gossip We Must . . .

That Zeppelin Visit—De Valera the Valiant—Two Conductors—"Buck's" Book

"Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Do you think you will suit?"
"Well, Guv'nor, I've just knocked out three other applicants 'oo was waiting."

ENGLISH people either have a superabundant sense of humour or none at all. Difficult to explain, therefore, is that simultaneous bursting into "Auld Lang Syne" of a crowd of 30,000 people when the Zeppelin paid us a visit that nice, sunny afternoon. How many, I wonder, of those who clamoured vocally that old acquaintance should not be forgot dated their acquaintance with Zeppelins to the time when they paid visits, not on sunny afternoons but at night, and left visiting cards of a murderous type behind?

Let us bury the hatchet, by all means. But there is no need to wax sentimental over what we knew, not so very long ago, as engines of death and destruction, and to hail them as if they were long-lost friends.

FOR my own conviction is that that Scotch ditty—heard at its best when total strangers grab each other's hands at New Year's Eve hotel celebrations—was sung in all romantic seriousness to the "Zepp." This, indeed, was one of those gestures which we English imagine to be affectingly appropriate.

Years ago, I remember, there was a tragedy in a "Zoo" at one of the large Northern towns. An old woman had cleaned out the tiger's cage daily for a long time in perfect safety, for the tiger was nearly as old as she was. But one day it had the toothache, or something of the sort, swung round an angry paw, and the old lady was out—finally.

Her colleagues among the attendants sent, instead of a wreath, a life-sized tiger in white chrysanthemums, which was solemnly described by the local paper as "an appropriate floral tribute."

Photographs by Sasha

Above, and on the left, are two panels, painted by Tom Titt, the well-known caricaturist, who is seen putting on some final touches, to decorate the Caviare Bar, Green Street, Leicester Square. We leave it to readers to discover the identity of the many theatrical celebrities he has treated so unkindly. The victims may suggest that they are difficult to find

In a Bar that's in Green Street, a Little Tom Titt . . .

NO doubt the same type of "appropriate" kick can be derived from listening to Vi Loraine singing in *Fanfare* those old songs from *The Bing Boys*, which cheered up the lads on leave from the trenches when the war was at its worst and which are now being conducted by a German conductor.

And the knowledge—which I present, free of charge, to those unaware of the fact—that the Englishman who originally conducted them is out of a job, should cause "Auld Lang Syne" to burst out again at any moment.

THE result of at length displaying a degree of firmness towards opponents, or potential opponents, nearer home, has been a somewhat more reasonable frame of mind on the part of Mr. De Valera, who now pinches all the thunder formerly enjoyed by Mr. Gandhi.

Since a lot of people (whose habit of life it is to believe that

Sasha

Guests at Mrs. Claude Beddington's party, given to those associated with the Camargo Ballet Season. From left to right: Anton Dolin, Mme. Spessiva, Constant Lambert, and Adeline Genée

Below: Iris Ashley and William Walker, who are appearing in Archie de Bear's new "Savoy Follies," which opens to-morrow at the Savoy Theatre

Dorothy Wilding

whoever may be right in any squabble, it could not possibly, in any circumstances, be their own country) are endeavouring to make out that in the matter of the land annuities England is merely a big bully, appropriating what does not belong to her, let us get quite clear as to what these annuities are. They are debts owed by Ireland to England in the strictest sense. The Irish landholder was enabled to buy his farm at a ludicrously cheap price solely by means of loans from England. The much-discussed annuities are the instalments duly payable on these loans.

MR. DE VALERA, at one time all for repudiating them entirely, has just, as I write, decided to submit to arbitration. I should have thought that the justice of the English case was as plain as a pikestaff. The present attitude of Mr. De Valera, which suggests that he thinks there may be something to be said for our side, is at any rate an improvement.

Of course, total repudiation is always possible. Several American States repudiated loans which we had granted them nearly a century ago, and many people in this country would be a good deal richer had they not done so. But if Mr. De Valera does repudiate, as sure as eggs are eggs, Irish eggs and bacon, and other agricultural produce coming into England, will be taxed.

Arthur Owen

The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, better known to theatregoers as Hermione Baddeley, photographed with her nephew, the Hon. Colin Tennant, at Admiral's House, Hampstead, the London home of the Countess of Glenconner

Ship Ahoy! and Let's Go Down the Thames Sasha

Younger London's prettiest mannequins, which include Mrs. Lance Sieveking and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, appropriately attired aboard the Show Boat at a party recently given by Messrs H. J. Nicoll

Since such produce coming from Canada, Australia, etc., would be untaxed, and Great Britain is the Irish farmer's sole foreign market, he would inevitably be ruined. Which would be a pity, except that it would put the final kybosh on Mr. De Valera.

I HAVE just spent an hour or so with two conductors of a very different type—Professor Kajanus, who does not speak English, and Jack Hylton, who does.

The Professor is a Finn, and has just directed the Sibelius concert at the Queen's Hall. This was a big success,

in spite of the fact that a symphony concert in London in June or July is almost as rare as an icicle in the Red Sea. Most of the musical intelligentsia were there, including Lord Berners and the Sitwells.

Conversation with Kajanus I found difficult, for my Finnish is on the rusty side—in fact, it was almost finished as soon as it was begun; he is a courteous old gentleman of seventy-five, who has been a big musical noise in Helsingfors since the early 'eighties. He had never before appeared at a concert in London.

It is something to make a début here as a septuagenarian.

JACK HYLTON did not (and does not) conduct Sibelius, but gave a party instead, to "warm" a house he has taken off Brook Street. He has fixed up a large room in the basement, in Tudor style, and made a sort of old English country pub. out of it, with games of darts and all sorts of rural fun, which on this occasion was enjoyed by all sorts of non-rural people.

Delysia and Peggy Wood came from the Palace, and Clarice Mayne came from Kenya. She had been touring professionally in South Africa and came home by way of East Africa.

ANOTHER party of the week was in a more remote spot than Brook Street, and also had a Tudor touch, though the Tudorism dated from 1520, or thereabouts, and not 1932. But here, too, was a jazz band.

Mark Hambourg playing the trap-drum at the fête given in aid of the League of Mercy at Colville Hall, a picturesque old place in Essex, was indeed a sight for the villagers, and excitement grew to ecstasy as they watched him bowling for a live pig. But there was a more serious side, for Colville Hall possesses a music gallery, complete with stained-glass windows, and in it Mark played Bach and Chopin. Parry Jones, Thea Phillips, Stephanie Stephens, Michael North, Ina Souez, Frank Sale, and "Tommy" Sterndale-Bennett sang; Viola Tree gave an impersonation of Marlene Dietrich; "Bunny" Bannerman told amusing stories; and Guy Church, architect and humorist, kept things going generally.

A group taken after the wedding at All Saints', Hove, of Mr. Eric John Dalling, L.D.S., R.C.S., to Miss Pauline Mignon Jackson. The nine bridesmaids are Miss Godfree, Miss Edwards, Miss Evans, Miss Bond, Miss Rimmer, Miss Fuller, Miss Sherrard, Miss Shearing, and Miss B. Hamilton

Polly Ward

Another of the Follies in the "Savoy Follies," the new musical entertainment which will start at the Savoy Theatre to-morrow

Walter Bird

Carson Robinson and his Pioneers, whose singing of "Hill-Billies," the traditional songs of cowboys, mountaineers, and lumber-jacks, has been so much to the taste of guests at the Berkeley Hotel

"THIS FREEDOM"

"I am a free man now and can say what I like, and I mean to exercise my freedom to the full"—Mr. Lloyd George.

NOW Freedom is my new-found bride,
Your Sphinx of Churt is free
To air his views on every side
Without the fear that he
Will accidentally repeat
Some fact that's mildly indiscreet.

For years and years, without a doubt,
No man in politics
Has turned a back that's half as stout
On oratorial tricks
Embellished to a high degree
With flow'ry Celtic simile.

But now, avaunt that reticence
Which won me fame of yore!
Political discretion, hence!
I shall not need you more,
For now that I am free at last,
Such things are buried with the past.

Surprising though it seems to all
Who know my methods best,
With references personal
My speeches I'll invest—
What's that you say? How very strange
To think you cannot note a change!

B. W.

A great afternoon! I would like to add that dear little Harry Preston, although desperately ill at the time, sent a handsome donation.

A BOOK of reminiscences to which I am looking forward is that which Capt. Herbert Buckmaster has almost completed. His title is *Ventures, Adventures, and Misadventures*, which is on the long side, but descriptive enough. "Buck," who founded Buck's Club, fought in two wars, and married two famous actresses, has enough material for a dozen such books. Few men know as much of sporting and Bohemian affairs of the last quarter of a century, and, as London's most assiduous letter writer, he has a neat and practised style.

"Buck" has just been on a walking tour in Devon and Dorset to glean final inspiration.

Open-Air Activities

Left: A group of programme-sellers at the Motoring Gala at Brooklands in aid of Guy's Hospital — Miss Betty McGowan, Miss Jean Longsdon, Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore, the Hon. Diana Coventry, and Miss Margaret Whigham

Young Mayfair at Brooklands

Miss Betsan Horlick was one of the programme-sellers at Guy's Gala

Right: Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who was at Wimbledon on the Finals day

Above: Another Wimbledon photograph — Lady Randolph Churchill with Lord d'Abernon, who is the President of the L.T.A.

Above: Watching the Finals at Wimbledon were Miss E. Holly and the Hon. Edward Stonor, himself a well-known pre-war tournament player

Right: Spectator and competitor at Brooklands when Guy's Gala took place—Mrs. Peter Gold and Mrs. Sheila Tolhurst

Right: Lady Helen and Lady Margaret Stewart at Northolt Aerodrome, when their father, Lord Londonderry, left for Geneva by air

Brunettes f

Dark Fl
From Hollywood's

Maureen O'Sullivan, Rose H

Is it possible that the cult of the blonde—platinum or otherwise young film actresses who are exceedingly attractive without being bl Maureen O'Sullivan, who is playing lead in the new film, "Skysc her screen début in 1930 in "Liliom," while on the right is called "Strictly Dishonourable." These photographs are by George

for Beauty

Flowers
od's Film Garden

ose Hobart and Sidney Fox

otherwise—has had its day? Above are three camera studies of being blonde by nature or by peroxide's artful aid. On the left is "Skyscraper Souls." In the centre is Rose Hobart, who made ight is Sidney Fox, a Universal star, now working on a film y George Cannons, the only English photographer in Hollywood

Two Generations

Lenare

In circle: Lady Mary Manningham-Buller and John Mervyn. Lady Mary Manningham-Buller is a daughter of the Earl of Crawford, and married Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller's only son in 1930. Their son and heir was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Left: Lady Brunner, with her five-year-old son, John, and Barnabas, who was born this year. Lady Brunner, before her marriage to Sir Felix Brunner, was Miss Elizabeth Irving, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Brodribb Irving, and granddaughter of Sir Henry Irving

Below: a new portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy-Fane, whose husband is a brother of Lord Westmorland, and her two children, Anthony, and Dorothy. Mrs. Fane, before her marriage, was Miss Agatha Acland-Hood-Reynardson

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Richard Jessel and Edith

Mrs. Jessel is the daughter of the late Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor, and her husband is Sir George Jessel's brother. They have three children—two sons, and Edith, who is six years old

Lafayette

The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy-Fane

Howard Marshall on Cricket

A Plea for Punch

A. G. Hazlerigg (Eton and Trinity College), the Cambridge cricket captain, who scored 45 against Oxford in the first innings

Rival Captains

(Left) N. E. W. Baker, the Eton captain, and (right) F. E. Covington, captain of Harrow

A. Melville (Michaelhouse, South Africa, and Trinity College), who captained Oxford in the University match last week at Lord's

WRITING in blissful ignorance of the teams chosen for to-day's Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's, it occurs to me that the Gentlemen should be able to turn out a pretty strong side. What is more, there are any number of amateur opening batsmen about—E. T. Killick, A. M. Crawley, L. G. Crawley, R. J. H. Brooke, Lieut. R. H. Hudson, G. D. Kemp-Welch, and E. W. Dawson, for example—and this is rather surprising when we consider the difficulty of finding a partner for Sutcliffe in the English team.

I should particularly like to see Lieut. Hudson given a chance in representative cricket, for he is, without doubt, a very fine player, as he proved when he made 200-odd for the Army against the Air Force the other day. He was a brilliant bat while he was at Haileybury, and since then he has scored prolifically whenever he has been in England.

L. G. Crawley is another opening batsman of the highest quality, and he has done very well for Essex lately. He hits the ball prodigiously hard, and his off-drive is stupendous, a joyous thing to see in these days of cramped stroke play. Crawley, as a matter of fact, is the type of player we need in Australia, and so is E. T. Killick, who may possibly be chosen by the M.C.C. Committee.

WHILE we are on the subject of opening batsmen, I see that Arnold and Bakewell have both been showing their best form lately, which means that they may still be considered for the Australian tour. Arnold, I believe, was thought to be the sounder player of the two last year, but Bakewell always seemed to me to have the touch of genius about him which distinguishes the potentially great cricketer from the capably pedestrian performer.

I notice also that Mr. Neville Cardus has been belabouring our leading batsmen for their cautious methods on big occasions, and here I think most of us will agree with him. We are apt to talk of Test Match cricket as if it were a thing apart, and so, in a sense, it is. A Test Match, after all, has a wider significance than a county fixture, and it is hardly surprising that the solemnity of the occasion should affect the players considerably. On the other hand, even Test cricket, theoretically, at least, is still a game, however much our sense of values has been distorted by injudicious publicity. And in a game a half-volley is always a half-volley, and should be treated accordingly, though when England play Australia, or even All-India, you will see Hammond patting a half-volley back to the bowler as if it contained a charge of dynamite.

This is serious, and it is possible to argue that the influence of a great player like Sutcliffe upon modern batsmanship has been harmful rather than beneficial. Sutcliffe has some wonderful feats to his credit, but I can never persuade myself that he is a cricketer. He is a grand automaton, with methods of his own, and, unfortunately, the fact that he rarely plays a forward stroke apparently suggests to less gifted batsmen that forward strokes are unsafe and therefore both unwise and unnecessary.

The truth is that English cricket will deteriorate steadily until our professional players, and some of our amateurs, too, begin to realise that half the batsman's art lies in his power to attack the bowling and take control over it. That is why players like L. G. Crawley and Lieut. Hudson would be so welcome in the Gentlemen v. Players match to-day.

AT present, English batsmen are paralysed in representative matches. Instead of striking at every weakness in the attack—and by that I mean punishing every loose ball and turning good balls into bad ones by using their feet—they allow the bowlers to take the initiative. Against All-India, for example, Sutcliffe was bowled because he played back to a ball pitched well up to him, and so was Hammond. Twice Holmes was beaten and bowled by a ball which came in from the off, and he was beaten because he did not move his left foot towards the pitch of the ball. These three great batsmen, in short, would never have been scuttled out as they were if they had relied upon orthodox forward strokes, instead of trusting in the half-cock, negative defensive methods of which Sutcliffe is the chief exponent.

Sutcliffe is undeniably effective, but why has Hammond followed his lead and curbed the natural instinct which prompts him in lighter moments to enchant us with that glorious drive through the covers? It is, I suppose, because Hammond thinks of Test Match cricket as a stern business, in which not the slightest risk may be taken, and he therefore deliberately discards certain strokes.

This is a tragedy, and Hammond is not the only victim. The disease is spreading, and we see young county players who should be thumping fours with the utmost freedom and enjoyment, playing pawkily and with extreme caution, as if their only hope of salvation lay in an impregnable defence.

This is all very distressing, and, while Sutcliffe reigns, I cannot see what is to be done about it. It sounds almost blasphemous to say so, but I should like to see an England side without Sutcliffe to set the pace. This may be ungenerous, though I don't wish it to be, for Sutcliffe deserves well of us; but imagine L. G. Crawley and Woolley opening the English innings, and thumping the Australian bowlers all over the field just as if they were very ordinary bowlers, as indeed, with one exception, they are.

WE might or might not be beaten, but why do we nowadays take the possibility of defeat so seriously? If we built up our team of cricketers in the true sense of the word, we should win as often as we lost, and we should win, moreover, in a manner which would restore to English batsmanship the genius which it may soon be in danger of losing for ever.

And now, after this harangue, I suppose I shall be told that I 'm talking nonsense; that Sutcliffe is indispensable; that Test Matches are not picnics; that the tortoise will always beat the hare; that Grimmett could fox six players like Crawley out in one over; that Hammond made his hundreds in Australia in the pawkish manner, and that I 'm talking nonsense. But am I?

Books of the Day

Sheikhs Unfilmed: French Marriage à la Mode

By "Junius"

WEARY of a watery England, Mr. Wyndham Lewis betook himself to the Sahara, and of his wanderings in the High Atlas he has written a typically Wyndham-Lewish account in *Filibusters in Barbary* (Grayson and Grayson; 12*s.* 6*d.*). In his first chapter, Mr. Lewis says: "England had its watercart at full blast as I left; there had been no sun for ten months." I wonder what year this might be? However, this sentence is the measure of Mr. Lewis's attitude to English life, an attitude which reminds me of what a well-known Dean once said of his Bishop's wife: "I deduct fifty per cent. from what she says, divide the remainder by twelve, and find the answer is slightly approximate to the actual truth."

Whether this arithmetical sum can also be applied to Mr. Lewis's experiences in Morocco and the Sahara, I am not in a position to say, but *Filibusters in Barbary* stands alone as a book of travel. It is an account of strange places, and stranger people, that only Mr Wyndham Lewis could have written. And there is acute observation, as well as philosophic deduction, behind the barbs of his pen. You may not always agree with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, but his force, power and originality make you read him to the end.

WITH *Uncertain Glory* (Philip Allan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Marigold Watney has fulfilled the promise of her first book, *Ducks on a Pond*. In that book, the scene was set in a little village, and you gradually got to know the people in the story through the minds and eyes of other characters—a new note, I think, in fiction. In *Uncertain Glory*, Miss Watney has used this same method upon a larger canvas.

She has taken certain members of the congregation at morning service in a London church. And in six chapters, which apparently have only the connection of the church between them, tells the story of Michael Trevor's life. It is only when you have finished the last chapter, "The Rector," and have closed the book, that you realise how deftly and subtly she has told you his story without appearing to tell it at all.

I can think of no other writer, except Henry James, who leaves the story to what one may describe as the realisation of the reader after the book is read. Henry James achieved this difficult task by an indirectness which many people found baffling and irritating. Miss Watney is direct. Her characters are clear-cut, living, sometimes unpleasant, like the verger and the girl Phœbe, but the rest are touchingly human, with the joys and tragedies of the every day.

There is a strength in Miss Watney's work, an acute perception, that I am sure will give her a very definite position amongst the younger novelists.

IF you have the patience to wade through the earlier chapters of *Culmination* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Furnill, you will be rewarded. Only you must be patient, because the character-drawing is not happy, to say the least of it, and the 534 pages could have been compressed into a couple of hundred less with advantage. But the book has an enthralling interest, because the author writes of an "ether-bridge" between our life here and the life on the other side of the grave. And what he says makes you think.

Miss Marigold Watney

whose new novel, "Uncertain Glory" (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

"ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY" (Desmond Harmsworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Archibald Lyall, is most diverting; a brilliant farce, but the publishers are mistaken in labelling it "The P. G. Wodehouse for the reader who knows Aldous Huxley," on the jacket. For the life of me I cannot see where those two opposite writers come in. Mr. Lyall's story of Matthew Mulready, of Mr. Chaddle, and Mr. Peter Hutton, and their doings in Belvaro and Tramulia—both vaguely somewhere in the Balkans—is sufficiently good wine without a Wodehouse or Huxley bush being brought in for its advertisement. A really witty book.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS is one of the few French writers who know England and English people. You will remember his Colonel Bramble. In *The Family Circle* (Capell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), he gives us a story of French life in a world unknown to English people who haven't an intimate knowledge of France. The marriage of convenience is the theme, in a bourgeois setting. Outwardly, all most respectable. Inwardly, the other side of the medal, and mother and daughter in two generations being neither blind nor deaf. It is all amazingly real and alive. Mr. Hamish Miles's translation is admirable.

THE five hundred pages of *A Hoosier Holiday* (Constable; 10*s.*), by Theodore Dreiser, with illustrations by Franklin Booth, are well worth reading. They hold the opinions of a man of trained and acute observation, who, whilst intensely American, is not blinded by his loyalty. The Hoosier holiday was a two-thousand-mile motor journey across America to the author's native State of Indiana, which he had left twenty-eight years before. Mr. Dreiser's account of that journey reminds one of Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre*, but concerned with the open roads, the townships, the cities, the inns, the people—everything, in short, that attracted his attention or roused his speculation.

The result is a microcosm of American life, fascinating to English readers, because we have had nothing like it before. His opinion of his countrymen is: "We are nearer the European standard of quiet, disillusioned effort without so many great dreams to stir us." And, "Dear, crude, asinine, illusioned Americans! How I love them!"

THERE is a note of Greek tragedy in *Jane and the Locusts* (Benn; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Ann Stokes. Jane Flowerdale is beautiful. She adores beauty and hates ugliness. But the Fates are against her. She has to sacrifice work on the stage, which her beauty would have given her, because of her family. She loses her beauty and therewith her lover. The "locusts" are her family, who literally eat up her life. It is all a poignant tragedy, all the more poignant because of the reticence with which it is written. Miss Stokes has a great gift in the delineation of what are called everyday characters.

THE production of *Casanova* at the Coliseum makes Mr. Arthur Machen's translation of the many volumes of that arch-lover's reminiscences, *Casanova: My Life and Adventures* (Joiner and Steele; 8*s.* 6*d.*), particularly apropos. As the Chevalier de Seingalt, Casanova, in his old age, wrote the recollections of an industriously amorous existence. Mr. Machen has done his work admirably, avoiding the boring and pointless longueurs of the original, but giving all the essential points of the life of a man who swept through Europe as a conqueror of feminine hearts. I should advise anybody who is going to the Coliseum to read Mr. Machen's translation. Those who have seen the play should also read it.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THE ideal hat for Goodwood illustrates the new straight brim which is so flattering, particularly to older women. This model from Marshall & Snelgrove, is made in two shades of fine pedal straw, natural colour for the brim and dark brown for the crown, around which is twisted two folds of matching satin ribbon

"Bien Coiffé"

Experts turn their attention to devices which Rule the Waves—and the Curls, and Ensure Perfectly Dressed Hair in all Circumstances

NOWADAYS an unkempt or uncared head of hair is a noticeable exception. . . . .

PERMANENT waving has become a science which can endow every woman with alluring curls . . . .

AN unkempt or uncared-for head of hair to-day is a noticeable exception in any company. If one should be tempted to beguile an hour of summer twilight in one of the parks or a seaside promenade, listening to the band, one is struck by the fact that every girl and woman, even those obviously inexpensively dressed, has carefully dressed, waved, and curled hair under the ubiquitous small cap (of many colours !) or their piquantly tilted straw hats.

Now all women are not born with shapely heads, glossy amenable hair of becoming tint, and natural waves and curls. It must occur to us to wonder how the transformation from the frizzed and tortured wispy coiffures of the past has been achieved.

The answer is the development of the science as well as the art of hairdressing. And to-day it is not only the ultra-exclusive and enormously expensive hairdressers who can offer their clients the benefit of these developments.

THE latest permanent waving and curling by skilled operators is executed by Stewarts, of Regent Street (who concentrate on giving their clients the benefit of the work of qualified and experienced specialists and studying the individual personality of each one), and costs only a guinea to three guineas, according to whether side pieces, half a head, or all the hair is waved. The same firm specialises in cutting and dressing which will give the new plastic effect and bewitching soft curls which stay in place in spite of wind, weather, and combing, while keeping the hair soft and glossy, as well as undertaking all the accessory hair treatments, special shampoos and tinting, at extremely reasonable prices.

ANOTHER interesting development of hairdressing is a new British method of hair-waving in which a scientific process and an oil are used to produce a *natural* wave. In this Pamoil process, used by Aldworth and Hornett, no heavy steaming cylinders are employed, and no sensation of heat or discomfort is experienced. It is independent of borax or acids, and is guaranteed not to injure scalp or hair in any way, and not to alter the colour of even white or the fairest and most delicate of hair.

Another of this particular firm's specialities is a cream which, if used according to directions on the soft, downy hair of infants from five to eight months old, will, by modifying without harming the structure and condition of the hair, make it grow naturally wavy even if its normal tendency is to be straight. For older children it will recapture waviness which threatens to disappear as increasing heaviness and other conditions supervene. Even in adults it will make the soft, light hair round the face and neck curl naturally.

Tanqueray

A PICTURESQUE costume has been chosen by Mary Hamilton, one of our most promising film actresses, for summer evening wear. With a black lace and organdie gown which has an immensely full over-skirt tied at the waist with a bow, she wears a large black straw hat trimmed with roses, from Jeff. The black organdie gown comes from Richard Sands and is one of several really unusual models designed for mid-summer evenings

Yevonde

ALANOVA RETURNS

YESTERDAY, at the St. James's Theatre, Madame Alanova danced at a special matinée given under the patronage of the Duchess of York. Madame Alanova's exquisite dancing is greatly aided and abetted by her beautiful costumes, and her good taste in dress is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, which shows her in a tiny restaurant hat of brown tulle, specially designed for her by Suzanne Talbot. Below she is shown wearing a striking costume of brown and white striped crêpe-de-Chine.

Two Attractive Short Fur Coats

At the Maison Ross, at Grafton Street, a remarkable reduction has been made in the furs, and the excellence of the pelts from this house and the perfection of their cut is too well known to require further comment. One of the most useful garments any woman's wardrobe can contain is a short jacket of galyac such as that shown on the left of the sketch above, which has an upstanding collar and gauntlet cuffs. With this is worn a stitched brown satin hat, a copy of a Patou model. A more luxurious version, but one which is equally useful to the woman who lunches and dines a good deal in restaurants, is the short coat of white ermine, which has a shaped and fitted basque and a small roll collar. With this is worn a twisted turban of black, white and yellow silk.

News of interest to all readers is that of the sale now in progress at Peter Robinson's. This began on Monday and will continue for two weeks, during which time the goods in every department will be marked down to a considerably reduced price.

London Golf Captains Compete

J. B. Marr wins the Ponting Cup

B. Thomas playing from the rough to the 15th in the Society of London Golf Captains' summer meeting held at Stoke Poges

Right: P. H. Neal and E. A. Smith make an approach to the very popular 19th

Below: C. W. Hardwick and Captain Parker seen going to the 5th green

F. V. Ruston enjoying a chat with J. Bramall Daniel on the steps of the Stoke Poges club-house

Well Out

W. A. Gray has no difficulty in escaping from a bunker at the 15th

T. Sims (left) and B. Wills at the first tee

Photos Bertram Eary

Congratulations!

Right: H. G. Butler (Secretary), H. H. Hughes, R. S. Langford (Chairman), and W. Parker toast the happy winner, J. B. Marr

Collaborators at Large:

All the Sports

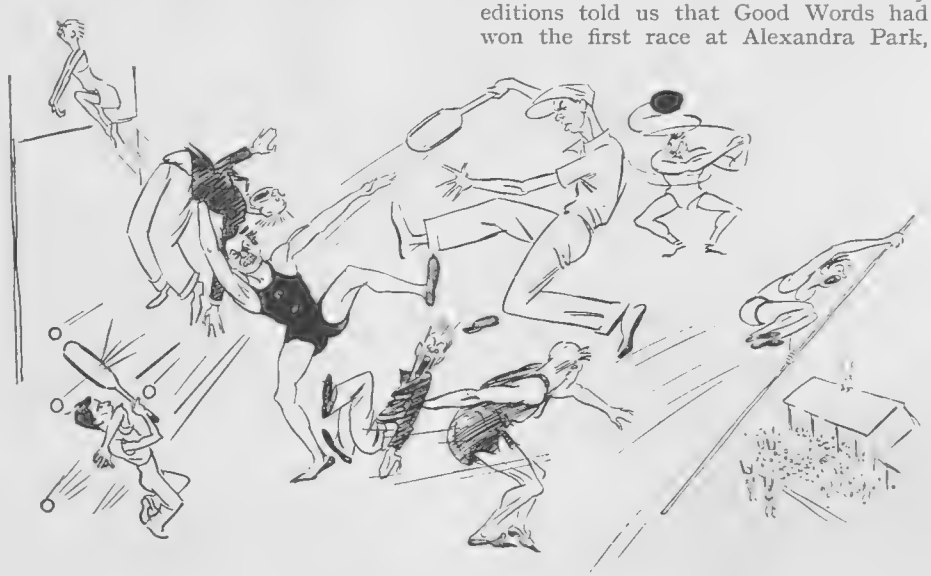
Reporting by Gerard Fairlie. Pen Shots by H. H. Harris

Two Scots enter the Stadium free of charge after running 26 miles and a bit. D. McNab Robertson, in a thrilling finish, beats D. McLeod Wright by a neck

WHEN Harris and I decided to make the nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight people already assembled at the White City, London, England, into a nice round twenty thousand, and thus make it much easier to count, we thought we were going to see the Amateur Athletic Association's Annual Amateur Championships. ("Something ought to be done about this, too," said Harris. "Hereinafter, I shall describe what we saw as the 'Champs.'")

ACTUALLY, what we saw was a sort of Olympic Games on a small scale; not merely the purely athletic side, either. I mean, we were kept in touch with what was going on elsewhere by means of a loudspeaker and a notice board, and a whole series of various editions of the evening papers. And a lot was going on: the finals of the tennis at Wimbledon; the races at Alexandra Park; the cricket on the hearth and at Lord's; and an absolute gymkhana in the minds of those unfortunates to whom had been relegated the task of choosing which athletes, if any, should represent Great Britain at Los Angeles in the near future during the heated struggles and battles of the Olympic Games. There were one or two private events of a sporting character going on as well, notably the hazardous journey of the judges up the step-ladder each time a heat of the 100-yards was run, and the perilous pastime indulged in by the fly which played hit-and-run with my nose. I am glad to report that the judges won each time, and that, ultimately, the fly lost.

THE first event which we saw was the 100-yards. It struck us that, merely for the fun of running all out for about ten seconds, the competitors took an awful lot of trouble. They first of all dug little holes in the track, into which they carefully inserted their toes. Then they removed their outer garments with great ceremony, and appeared in all the glory of their club colours. Then they put their toes back in the holes, and removed them again violently, before the starter, dressed like a fireman in an off-duty blazer, had thought of pulling the trigger of his starting gun. This showed their keenness, but seemed to annoy the starter. Then the loudspeaker told us that Mlles. Metaxa and Sigart had beaten the Misses Ryan and Jacobs in the Women's Doubles Final at Wimbledon, one of the weight-putters nearly dropped the weight on a casual official's foot, the early editions told us that Good Words had won the first race at Alexandra Park,



When the news went round that Vines was killing "Bunny" Austin, all sorts of extraordinary sport was happening in the centre of the field, such as Putting the Marker, Throwing the Umpire, Pole Vaulting the Grand Stand, and Swinging the Lead

Miss Molly Gourlay drove off against Mlle. Petain in the Women's Golf International at St. Germain, near Paris, Harris fell asleep, and the sprinters again left their holes before the starter pulled his trigger.

THIS annoyed a lot of people; the starter said a great deal under his breath, but less out loud; Parker of Surrey bowled

We hope the above drawing will not mislead you, dear reader. This is not a sack-race, but competitors removing their superfluous garments in the centre of the Shepherd's Bush Stadium preparatory to doing their little bit

Lord Burghley won as he pleased in the 440-yards hurdles. It is doubtful whether any other competitor could have caught him, even by pole-jumping

Holmes of Yorkshire; Vines served an unplayable ball at Austin, and R. V. W. Robins also bowled Ames; Harris said the last clue in his crossword must be wrong; and an outsider won the second race at Alexandra Park. Consols remained the same because the Stock Exchange had closed.

Somebody then frightened the starter, who pulled his trigger, which frightened the runners into running. They got through the heats eventually.

In the meantime, great activity was being shown in the middle of the ground by the putters of weight, the high jumpers, the long jumpers, and the vaulters with pole.

THEN came the half-mile final, and the starter was lucky here. He got them off at the first attempt, and T. Hampson, the holder, ran very well to win very easily. After this the heats of the 120-yards hurdles, which were scheduled for 2.50 p.m., were run off at 3.13 p.m.; and the loud-speaker told us that Vines was leading Austin by four games to three in the first set. Almost immediately afterwards, Vines won that set at 6—4.

While the second-round heats of the 100-yards were being disputed, Vines won the second set, at 6—2, and all the expected qualified for the final sprint, with the exception of J. C. Heap, who had very unluckily pulled a muscle in the earlier round. Douglas unexpectedly won the third race at Ally Pally, and some tug-of-war experts took a chance with a rope: I don't know how it stood it.

In the meantime, great activity was being shown in the middle of the ground by the putters of weight, the high jumpers, the long jumpers, and the vaulters with pole.

THE 3-miles, which wasn't next on the programme, but which took place at this moment, was a really great race. The holder, J. A. Burns, ran for two and a half miles as if nobody could last with him; during this time, Vines took the first five games of the third set off Austin. Then W. J. Beavers, disguised as a wasp, in a black and yellow jersey, stung Mr. Burns properly. He got up to Mr. Burns and trotted along behind him just as Vines finished off Austin, and after the final bend, simply romped away from Mr. Burns to a great victory.

Above is depicted R. S. Harper, who had the 120-yards hurdles in his pocket until he started knocking the hurdles about. Below: T. Hampson with not quite enough wind to bring off a double event in the 440 and 880 yards

THEN Fuzzy Wuzzy won a race for Mr. Armstrong at Hamilton, Austin shook hands with Vines, the rope got an armistice, Miss Wanda Morgan halved her match with Mme. Lacoste (*née* Simone de la Chaume), and great activity was shown by the putters of weight, the high jumpers, the long jumpers, and the vaulters with pole, all the latter in the middle of the grounds and in the meantime.

IN the final of the 100-yards, F. P. Reid, of Scotland, managed to break even time and beat the holder of the title, in E. L. Page, and Borotra and Brugnon beat Perry and Hughes six—love in the first set. J. F. Cornes, of Oxford, beat his team-mate, J. E. Lovelock, in the final of the mile in very fast time, and only just, after a very great race, with C. Ellis third only three yards behind. F. P. Reid completed a really good double by winning the final of the 220-yards from S. C. Fuller in even time, and Perry and Hughes won the second set 6—4. Leander beat Thames for a Grand, not to mention Alexandra Park or Hamilton.

Half-mile Cornes, looking quite happy, and running like the wind, spurted and passed Lovelock in the home straight

LORD BURGHLEY won the 440-yards hurdles and in the meantime great activity was being shown in the middle of the ground, etc, etc.

Several of the competitors in the 2-miles Steeplechase wisely took advantage of the bathing facilities offered by the water jump, and the ¼-mile final was won by C. H. Stoneley.

Activity in the middle of the ground suddenly waned. It transpired that, in the weight, R. L. Howland had putted it 47 feet 8½ inches, an English record, but was only second to Hart, of South Africa.

Stop Press News. Found in his Northaw kennel, and on being asked for his opinion about C. H. Stoneley's time for the quarter, Wild Woolley was superciliously condescending: "Quite good for a human," he said; "but I am in the habit, also at the White City, of doing eighty yards more in twenty seconds less." His girl friend, Melksham Grisel, listened admiringly to these words.

This dear little policeman came all the way from Monmouthshire to help his side lose

Below: H. A. Page (left), from India, with Dr. R. Francis (Australia) at the first tee. Dr. Francis was two up on bogey at the end of the first round

Above: James Braid (right), the club professional, acting as starter for the Overseas Competition at Walton Heath. With him are Captain Todd, and A. A. McClelland (Maymo, Burma), one of the competitors

Above: A. D. Gaul (India) waiting to drive. He accompanied A. A. McClelland (Maymo, Burma), who led the field at the end of the first day

Above, Right: F. H. Creasy (Ceylon) and Sir William Gowers, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Uganda Protectorate, on their way to the first green

The Lucifer Golf Society at Walton Heath

Some Good Performances by Overseas Players

Above: Roughing it. Major W. H. Elkins, who played well to be all square on the second day, has a plus-one handicap

Left: Sir Philip Browne (India) and General Sir William Heneker, who has been G.O.C.-in-Chief of the Southern Command in India since 1928, await their turn to drive from the first tee

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Tiger Team at Brookline

Bailey Southwell (South Africa) and Sir Bernard H. Bourdillon (Ceylon) going to the second tee in the Lucifer Golf Society Tournament for Overseas Players

Left: T. J. Thirsk, of Bridlington and Ganton, the winner of the Yorkshire Championship this year

ALTHOUGH a match was played at Hoylake between the Amateurs of the United States and the Amateurs of Great Britain on May 21, 1921, the Walker Cup was not instituted until the following year; and that first meeting—which was won very comfortably by the U.S.A. by nine matches to three—does not count in the series. The first match proper for the Walker Cup was played on the National Links, Long Island, on August 29 of 1922, and it is interesting to note that of those players who will take part in the match this year only Francis Ouimet and Jesse Sweetser remain from the teams of ten years ago. Not one of the British side of 1922 has been considered still good enough by our present selectors. Had I been selecting the side, one of them, in C.V.L. Hooman, would have been added to the names of Ouimet and Sweetser.

THE match for the Walker Cup this year is to be played at Brookline, Massachusetts, on September 1 and 2, the first day being occupied by the foursomes. The American side has just been announced, and is composed of Francis Ouimet (Boston), who is the present Amateur Champion of the United States, and who is to captain the team; G. T. Dunlap (Princeton, New Jersey); W. Howell (Richmond, Virginia); J. Johnston (St. Paul, Minnesota); D. K. Moe (Portland, Oregon); M. McCarthy (New York); G. Seaver (Los Angeles); J. Sweetser (New York); G. J. Voigt (New York); and J. Westland (Chicago).

I WAS talking the other day, before I had seen this list of American players, to a well-known golfer who has himself played in this match. He knew the American team, and he told me that the list included very few names well known over here; he also said that he thought we must have a very great chance this year at Brookline, perhaps a greater chance than in any other year. When I came to look at the names, therefore, I was extremely surprised at these remarks, since they came from so great a player; my friend appears to me to be singularly off the mark; in fact, to put it tersely, he has missed the target altogether.

Four of the ten selected, from whom eight will be chosen to play, have already played in this match with distinction. Of the remaining six, four are very well known to me, and only in Howell and Johnston do I find names unfamiliar. I had been led by him to suppose that I would know scarcely any of the names.

It has occurred to me, however, that since so well-known a golfer as my friend had not heard of these people, it might be just as well to give you a short description of those who make up the American team.

A. Hardicker (Wilmslow) playing out of the rough at the Twelfth Annual Tournament for the Championship of the Cheshire Union of Golf Clubs, at Wallasey

FRANCIS OUIMET, of course, is well known to all of us, and not merely because of his undoubted and great ability to play the game of golf. He is a very great favourite with nearly everybody over here, even with those to whom he has never addressed a word. His is the sort of personality which is immediately attractive, and no more popular selection for the captaincy of the American team could possibly have been made as far as we in this country are concerned. But, having in my wanderings visited America, I can add to this that no more popular selection for the captaincy could have been made from the American point of view; and with these two remarks I think I have said all that can be said.

VOIGT has played over here with alarming skill—alarming from the point of view of the match at Brookline. Don Moe was the hero of that colossal match at Sandwich in 1930, when his opponent, W. Stout, found a long lead taken from him, although he was playing well-nigh perfect golf. It can truthfully be said that on that day Stout played well enough to have beaten any other player in the match by a considerable margin, yet the youthful Don Moe proceeded to win against him on the last green. Jesse Sweetser we all know and all like. His golf, if a little unorthodox, is all the more attractive for it. He was the first American-born citizen to win our Amateur Championship, which he did at Muirfield in 1926. Recently Sweetser has been suffering from ill-health: indeed, he has not been a really fit man since his victory six years ago in our Championship, so it is pleasant for all his friends on this side to see by his selection that he must now be sufficiently recovered to be playing fairly regular golf.

I DO not think that Dunlap, Howell, Johnston, McCarthy, or Seaver have ever played in this country or competed in any of our Championships, but Dunlap has been known for a long time to be one of the very finest of the American amateurs, and has been on the fringe of the Walker Cup team for some years. McCarthy has a delightful habit of winning nearly all the competitions around New York, and his name there is as well known as is Seaver's on the west coast. When I say that anywhere around Los Angeles the name of Seaver is synonymous with certain victory, and that the inhabitants of this coast complain of the inaccuracy of their newspapers when it is reported that he has been beaten, so unbelievable is it to them, you will see exactly how good these two young gentlemen are.

OF Howell and Johnston I cannot speak, as I do not know them or anything about them, but I am led to understand that they are both very young and have recently come to the front. The remaining choice is that of Jack Westland, of Chicago. It was only by an accident that Westland did not compete once in our Amateur Championship. This was in 1929, when Cyril Tolley won at Sandwich. As far as I remember, the circumstances were these: Westland sent in his entry by wire to the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient, but it arrived too late for his name to be included in the draw. He came over, however, and competed in the French Amateur Championship, which that year was held at Chantilly. In that event, he reached the semi-final round without much incident, there to play his compatriot, Johnny Dawson, as good a golfer as any in the States at that time and, rather unexpectedly, he defeated him. In the Final he beat R. S. Fletcher somewhat easily. Westland returned to America, and from that moment, I heard very little more about him until the last American Amateur Championship, won by Ouimet, when Westland was the defeated finalist.

IT will be seen, therefore, that far from having an easier task than usual, our amateurs have a very stiff contest in front of them, but I believe they are about as good a lot as we could have sent, and I do not acknowledge that they have anything less than an even chance. All good health to all of them!

JULY, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

11th. **Racing.** Edinburgh.
Polo. Social Clubs Cup, Hurlingham. Hunt Cup and County Polo Week, Ranelagh.

12th. **Racing.** Newmarket 2nd July Meeting.
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C., Southend-on-Sea.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York.

13th. **Racing.** Newmarket, Bath and Phœnix Park.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York.
Cricket. Gents. v. Players, Lord's.
Bowls. English Bowling Assoc. Internationals, Glasgow.

14th. **Racing.** Newmarket, Bath and Limerick Meetings.
Cricket. Gents. v. Players at Lord's.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Society, Leeds. Military Tattoo, York. National Poultry Parliament, Wells (Somerset).

15th. **Racing.** Sandown Park, Hamilton Park.
Cricket. Gents. v. Players, Lord's.
Shows. Military Tattoo, York. National Poultry Parliament, Wells (Somerset). National Rose Society, Horticultural Hall.

16th. **Racing.** Sandown Park, Hamilton Park.
Cricket. Yorkshire v. All India, Harrogate. Surrey v. Lancashire, Oval.
Shooting. N. R. A. Bisley Meeting ends.
Greyhound Racing. Cesarewitch Final, West Ham.
Motor Cycle Speedway, England v. Australia, Belle Vue, Manchester.

18th. **Racing.** Leicester and Ayr Meetings.
Polo. Farewell Handicap Tournament, Ranelagh.
Cricket. Navy v. Army, Lord's.

19th. **Racing.** Leicester and Ayr Meetings.
Cricket. Navy v. Army, Lord's.
Yachting. Bournemouth Regatta, Bournemouth.
Shows. Highland Gathering, Isle of Man.

20th. **Racing.** Liverpool, Lanark, Curragh Meetings.
Shows. Royal Welsh Agric. Society, Llandrindod Wells.
Athletics. Scots Canadian Meeting, Glasgow.
Cricket. Middlesex v. All India, Lord's.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The Bibury Meeting at Salisbury

Top: The Duke of Gloucester going to the mounting ring with Mr. Cottrill. Middle: Mr. James de Rothschild, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, and Miss Billie Kennedy. Below: Mr. Harry Brown and Mrs. Gordon Dill discuss the racing

SPORT with the

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary by

R. H. J. Brooke (left) and F. G. H. Chalk going out to bat for Oxford in the first innings. They scored 10 and 7 respectively

AT last the M.C.C. Committee have burnt their boats and made public the fact that D. R. Jardine is to captain England in Australia. This was an inevitable choice, and now I hope we shall hear no more absurd rumours. There are still a great many people who think A. P. F. Chapman was the man for the job, but that is a matter of opinion. The choice has been made, and now everyone will surely give Jardine the fullest support and encouragement.

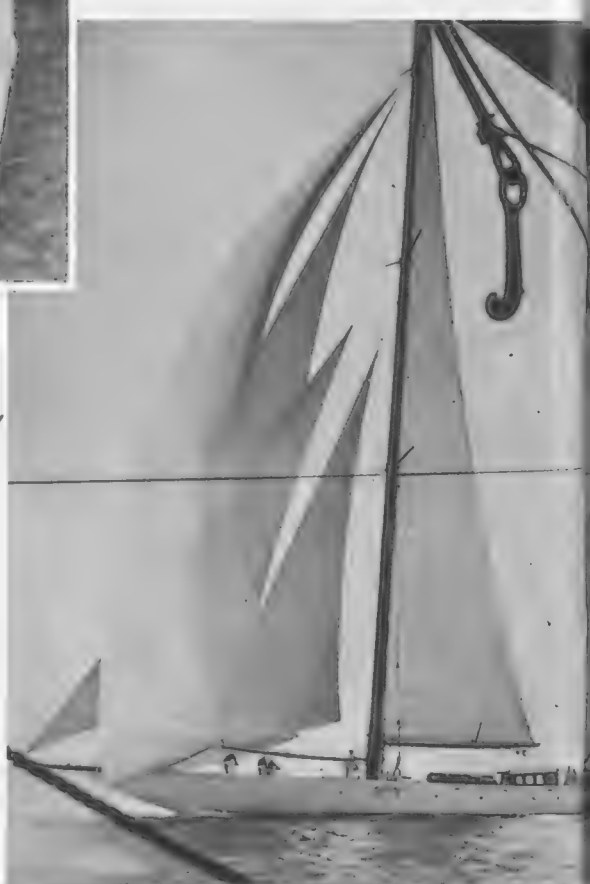
I THINK, myself, that he will make a first-rate captain, and most of this talk about his unpopularity with the professionals is nonsense. Jardine is a man of strong character, and it may be that one or two professional players, who have been spoilt by publicity, resent the fact that he will stand no nonsense from them. It is high time we had an amateur who could assert himself when need be, and Jardine will certainly be a captain in fact as well as in name.

I believe, too, that he will be popular in Australia. He can be very charming, and the New Zealanders last summer could not praise him too highly.

Above: Miss England III. with Kaye Don at the wheel, in her first trial on Loch Lomond. The boat leapt out of the water and crashed down again, to the imminent danger of driver and mechanic

And I wonder how many people know that whenever a young player distinguishes himself especially, Jardine takes the trouble to write him a letter of congratulation and encouragement?

THE appointment of Messrs. P. F. Warner and R. C. N. Palairet as joint managers was more of



Racing

A photograph of Britannia and Astra taken during the Sir Thomas Lipton's last challenger for the America's pioneer airman. White Heather, whose first appearance i

LID off

a surprise, and here it is a little difficult to follow the reasoning of the Committee. Presumably, Mr. Warner will make the speeches, while Mr. Palairet looks after the business side of the tour. Possibly this will be a happy combination, though I doubt it. Mr. Warner will be pleasant enough to everyone, but Mr. Palairet, though an exceptionally competent secretary, is sometimes a little difficult. He will have to be exceedingly tactful if the tour is to run smoothly, for unless the Australians are handled in exactly the right way, they can make things very awkward. The matter of excess baggage—a little matter, perhaps—will serve as an instance. A touring team naturally collects additional baggage as it goes along, and more than once on the last M.C.C. Australian tour, Sir Frederick Toone was presented with bills for £30 or £40 on long journeys. He was able to have these charges cancelled by approaching high officials directly and explaining the situation in his straightforward and friendly way, but then, he knew how to approach people with the correct amount of geniality. I hope Mr. Palairet will be as successful, but I wish the M.C.C. could have discovered someone who could have united the qualities of a social and a business manager. Mr. J. C. White, of Somerset, springs to mind as the ideal type for the job, especially as he has had such recent experience of the conditions out there. But there it is—the M.C.C. have made up their minds, and now all we have to do is to wish their nominees the best of luck.

Another position of considerable responsibility has been filled by the election of Mr. Adrian Stoop to the Presidency of the Rugby Union, an honour which he has fully earned by years of disinterested work for the game. Mr. Stoop is not a good after-dinner speaker, though, doubtless, practice will bring home to him the need for compression, and we may be certain that he will carry out his duties with wholehearted enthusiasm.

To turn to boxing for a moment. It was most disappointing to arrive at Wimbledon last week for the fight between Reggie Meen and Jack Petersen, only to discover that the rain made a postponement

(Continued on page ii)

Jack Doyle, the 18-year-old Irish heavyweight, whose fight with Guardsman Gater, at Wimbledon, was postponed owing to inclement weather

Left: Lieut. N. Boyer (1st Warwickshire), winner of the King's Medal at Bisley, being chaired after his victory

Harwich

rwich Regatta from the deck of Shamrock V., the late ip, and now owned by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the is with a new mast, finally beat Britannia in the J class

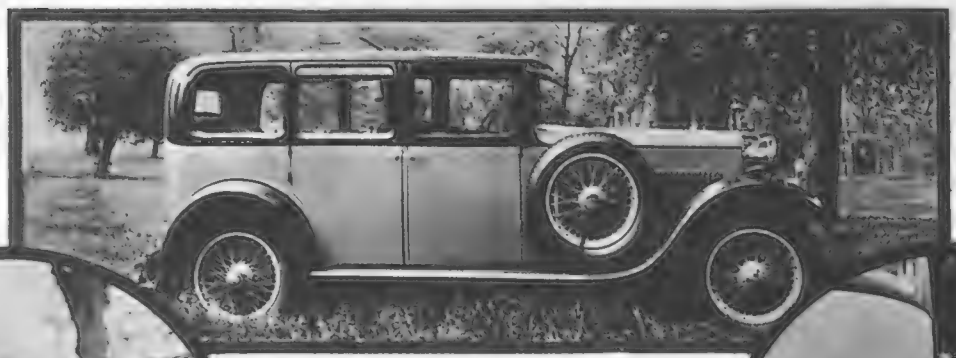
Vines the Virile

H. Ellsworth Vines, the young American, who overwhelmed H. W. Austin in the final of the Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon by strokes of power and precision which have never been excelled on any court

CARS with a Personality

No. 11. The 20 h.p. Sunbeam

By The Earl of Cardigan



Below: The engine is notable for its clean design, and develops an impressive power output with exceptional smoothness

The Sunbeam is a thoroughly substantial car of the comfortable "family" type, yet it has a performance well above the average

Below: A general view of the controls and instruments. Near the left foot is the plunger of the one-shot lubrication system

Below: A convenient feature is the hinged panel over the petrol tank, which may be used as a luggage-carrier when lowered

THERE are a few cars, and the Sunbeam is one of them, of which it is very easy to form an opinion, but rather difficult to express that opinion lucidly. Such cars usually have a performance above the average, but they also possess certain qualities which give them a place in the driver's estimation over and above that which the bare figures of their speed and acceleration would merit. Cars, like men, have a character of their own, over and above their various separate attributes. John Smith is more than an agglomeration of good tennis, bad bridge, mediocre mathematics, and long legs. He is John Smith. So a car is not merely a mixture of h.p., m.p.h., m.p.g., ignition and carburettor. It is an entity possessing a distinct individuality of its own.

THE fact, for instance, that the "Twenty" Sunbeam can do approximately 80 m.p.h., carrying very comfortable saloon coachwork, is distinctly creditable, and a point to be quoted in its favour. What impressed me, however, was not the high speed, but the sensation that the car actually enjoyed doing it. Whether it was a question of vigorous acceleration, or of making good time on a fast stretch of road, or of sitting down steadily on an awkward bend—the Sunbeam responded cheerfully, without any fuss or appearance of effort.

I ATTRIBUTE this—the excellent road-holding, at all events—almost entirely to the influence of heredity. This car comes of a great racing stock—the record of Sunbeam racing-cars in international events is worth recalling—and the latest models still retain, in modified form, many of the virtues which enabled their predecessors to beat all comers of their day. Here is real justification, if any is needed, for professional motor-racing.

The hand-brake and gear lever are cleverly placed so that the driver may enter or leave the car on the off-side without inconvenience

THE engine, while very smooth throughout its range, has an impressive power output. Its rated horse-power is actually 24, the term "Twenty" having been used to distinguish it from the earlier "Twenty-five." Both of these cars paid exactly the same tax (such is our absurd method of calculation !), although their length of stroke, and therefore their actual horse-power, was very different. The present "Twenty," with the shorter stroke, was always, no doubt, the sounder engine of the two.

THE gear-box is altogether excellent, and third gear, in particular, is calculated to appeal to the discerning driver. In this ratio, the car is capable of something like 60 m.p.h., the change to and from "top" is agreeably simple, and remarkable silence of running is achieved. Second gear is normally used for starting purposes, but "third" may be relied upon to meet all requirements of slow running and quick acceleration once the car is on the move.

THE springing is good, and the steering ideal. It is typical of the car that I do not recall any individual, particular merit of the steering-gear—simply that in every respect it was supremely satisfactory. Similarly, the hydraulic brakes are best remembered for giving just the right response to every call made upon them. Brakes of this type are, of course, self-adjusting, and therefore remain efficient over long periods.

At just on £800, the Sunbeam could not be called a cheap car. Good value, however, it certainly is, for it is a long time since I have driven anything which has proved more comfortable, more efficient, and pleasanter to handle.

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Photograph by Shaw Wildman

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Air-Line Traffic Breaking All Records: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Latest Summer Services

THE demand for accommodation between London and Paris by air has grown to such an extent that Imperial Airways have had to run extra services. There are now three liners in each direction on Sundays, breakfast being served on the 8.30, lunch on the "Silver Wing" leaving at 12.30, and dinner on the 6 o'clock. The loop line in the Near East, connecting the African and Indian mail routes, has been re-timed, and an arrangement made for return tickets to include hotel accommodation. Every Tuesday, a machine leaves Cairo for Jerusalem, returning on Saturday, the return fare being approximately £13 6s. 6d. in English money, and, in the reverse direction, £12, the difference in price being on account of one day less when starting from Palestine. The hotels used for this service are the "King David" in Jerusalem and the "Continental Savoy" in Cairo. The Rhineland, where many English people spend a holiday, is reached most easily by air to Cologne, which is a four-hour flight from London. The fares are £5 10s. single and £10 6s. return. The summer service, operated by Sabena, from London to Ostend and the Belgian coast, started last Saturday, and will continue until September 12. Ostend and Le Zoute are within 2¼ hours of Airway Terminus, Victoria Station, and the charges for this service, which is remarkably popular, are £3 5s. single and £6 3s. 6d. return, with a special reduction to £5 10s. 6d. for a 15-day return ticket.

Scenes in the air en route for Switzerland by Imperial Airways' daily service. On the left, a quiet game of bridge is in progress, and on the right a steward is serving some liquid refreshment. The schoolboy has evidently found the cabin rather warm

The Portsmouth Meeting

THE pageant which was held to celebrate the opening of the Airport was a great success, nearly 200 people arriving by air in 80 different machines, of which Imperial Airways "Argosy" carried 17, the Ford Monoplane 9, Captain Barnard's Fokker 6, the amphibian "Saro Cloud" 4, and a Westland Wessex 4. This is exclusive of Royal Air Force machines, 27 of which took part in the Display, which was remarkable for good shooting by Fl.-Lt. Stainforth, flying the "Pterodactyl" in pursuit of aerial monsters liberated for the occasion, and for squadron drill, thought by many to be even finer than that seen at Hendon. Capt. C. S. Napier won the Grosvenor Cup with a Widgeon at 98 miles an hour, whilst Fl.-Lt. W. E. P. Johnson was second on the Moth "JJ" at 95 miles an hour. The latter won the S.B.A.C. Trophy, and was second in the Portsmouth Challenge Trophy Race, which was won by Mr. G. Birkett flying an American machine, the "Monocoupe," at 116 miles an hour. Congratulations to Capt. R. H. Stocken, who was the Pageant Master, and supervised all the details for a much-enjoyed function.

The Duchess of Bedford, who won the "Tatler" Concours d'Elégance for aircraft at Brooklands with her Puss Moth

At Hanworth Park

THE presence of the "Graf Zeppelin" at Hanworth Park attracted a very large crowd, and, profiting from the experience last year, strict regulations were made for the control of traffic, which was handled admirably. To many people, the sight of this great airship coming to earth with no more fuss than a motor-bus pulling up at the kerb, was a revelation. A couple of hundred Boy Scouts held the ship steady whilst passengers stepped out and others were taken on board, after which, at the sound of a whistle, it was released, rose vertically to clear the crowd, and was under way immediately on a further flight. Col. P. T. Etherton, the Hon. A. F. de Moleyns, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer, who has related his experiences in another place, were amongst the passengers from Germany, whilst Lord Leverhulme, Col. Warwick Wright, the Master of Sempill, Mrs. W. F. Dick, and 16 others made the 24-hour cruise round England and Scotland. On the short flight over London, 41 passengers were carried, including Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, the Earl of Brecknock, the Hon. James Craig, Mr. Szarvasy, Air Vice-Marshal C. H. T. Dowding, (a member of the Air Council), and Sir Robert Ho-Tong, the Chinese millionaire. One passenger, Mr. Harry Hall, was evidently so delighted with his flight round England that he made the short trip over London in addition, and then returned to Germany on the airship. Hanworth went all-German for the week-end, and was complete with Bavarian Orchestra in the Beer Garden, the only person present to spoil the fun being Dora, who confiscated the barrels at 9.30.

Down to the Sea by Air

POSTERS in the windows of Travel Agents, advertising the delights and economies of air travel, are a familiar sight, but they refer invariably to touring abroad, for we have had scarcely any air services at home worth talking about. This may be a tribute to the speed and efficiency of our railways, but whatever the reason, no one has found in the past that internal air routes are a paying proposition. That there are many places between which an air connection would secure public support, is certain, and such development awaits men of enterprise. A start has been made this season in three different places, the most interesting being the service to Clacton from Romford Aerodrome, operated by Mr. Hillman the successful motor-coach proprietor, who is devoting some of his profits from road transport to the airways. A machine leaves Romford every morning at 9 o'clock, returning from Clacton at 8 in the evening, the single fare being 12s. 6d. and the daily return ticket, £1. There are connections by motor-coach at each end, and by this means many short-distance routes in England could be made to pay. The ferry service from Bristol to Cardiff, which started on Monday last as an experiment, is also linked by motor-coach with the aerodrome at each end, enabling the journey from the Grand Hotel, Bristol, to the Angel Hotel in Cardiff to be completed in 40 minutes. The service will be operated four times a day in each direction, with Capt. C. D. Barnard's veteran Fokker. The Municipal Airport at Portsmouth is to be the junction for the ferry service to and from the Isle of Wight, which will run in conjunction with the Solent coach service from London. The inclusive fare, including the air crossing, which takes 8 minutes, will be no more than by road or rail and sea, the advantages of course, being speed and comfortable travel from door to door.

News from Brooklands

MRS. WOLFF BARNATO has joined the Club and the Hon. Mrs. Westenra is taking a course in blind flying. The Club-house was tested to capacity over the week-end when large crowds of members and friends gathered for the King's Cup Race.

She's got it! Got what?

—a little something some others haven't got

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Where Are Our Policemen's Dogs? By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a good deal of controversy going on at present on the subject of gun-dog and other obedience classes. Some of the gun-dog people would like artificial trials staged at shows, and, indeed, some go even further than this, and would like them included in exhibitions where dogs, as well as model gardens and so forth, are on view.

The real working people are aghast at the idea, for it turns the whole thing into a farce and makes a real working dog into a sort of circus performer. Besides, why should anybody want to run a dog in a fancy stunt of this description when there are real genuine trials at which they can show their prowess? Personally, I am all against this sort of nonsense, for it can lead nowhere.

Mrs. Lyne

Pull Devil, Pull Baker

A couple of Sealyhams indulging in a tug-of-war, made all the more exciting through their being evenly matched as regards weight

IT may be argued that Alsatians have had obedience classes and trials for some years. So they have, but then there has been no other way of letting them work, and, being working dogs, they should be kept up to the mark. Even so, it is becoming very wearisome to watch the obedience classes that now take place, and unless the dogs are to be used by the police, I cannot see much object in holding them.

It certainly seems a pity that our police are not issued with dogs, like the Continental police, especially when they have lonely night beats. Let me say at once that I am not necessarily advocating the use of Alsatians. Indeed, owing to the prejudice against them as foreign dogs, I should be inclined to suggest using an English breed. Airedales are not suitable; they are either too nervous or too savage, but, very probably, a good collie of the non-show type would be excellent.

IT is incredible how little people in this country know about the use of dogs by the Continental police, or how many of the lives of these same police have been saved owing to their dogs. A man on a lonely beat can send his dog to forage round, to search dark corners and to patrol stretches of woodland. If he tried to do this job himself, firstly, he would not be quick enough on his feet, and, secondly, having no sense of smell to guide him, a clever burglar or poacher might escape him, while a dog would be too quick to allow this to happen.

There is a certain amount of feeling in this country hostile to using dogs against human beings, and I agree with it up to a point, but when it comes to policemen (who are a wonderful and devoted body of men) being assaulted and injured by criminals, with no adequate means of protecting themselves, I think it time to stop.

A PROPERLY trained police dog does not attack people on sight or bite everybody it meets. It remains passive until ordered to do otherwise. It gives notice that a burglar or other undesirable person is hiding, by barking, but it does not bite until told to do so. To my mind (and to the mind of a good many other people), it is absurd to protect the skin of a criminal at the expense of a policeman's. Besides, there is the moral effect of the dog.

A CONSTABLE of my acquaintance tells me that since he has acquired a trained dog there is never the slightest disturbance on his beat. This man has trained the dog himself, but in Germany there are proper State schools for the purpose.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

I SUPPOSE it is a natural result of winning a great race that a dog should become very much of a popular favourite. After all, when a horse wins the classic race at Epsom, its name is known to nearly every man and woman in the country, and is not forgotten for some little time. While, perhaps, it would still be an exaggeration to say that a dog which wins the Greyhound Racing Derby at the White City gains quite such fame as this, yet even the most virulent critics of greyhound racing have to admit that the sport is one which has now won for itself such a tremendous popularity that the name of Mick the Miller must be known to hundreds of thousands, and the name of this year's winner, Wild Woolley, almost to an equal number.

IN these circumstances, it may be interesting to my readers to hear a little of the private life of this attractive and successful dog, in much the same way as it appears to be interesting to the film fan to know whether the male and female artistes co-starring in their favourite picture are on speaking terms or not. Let it be known, then, that Wild Woolley has a friend; and this little girl friend seems to have an almost uncanny influence on her illustrious companion. For Wild Woolley and Melksham Grisel share the same kennel, and it is very noticeable to their trainer that when either is separated from the other, he or she is definitely unhappy.

IN order that they should be together as far as possible, the dogs race usually at the same meeting on the same night, and here the most remarkable result of their friendship seems to occur. Let me give you one or two recent examples. On June 9, in the first round of the Derby at the White City (actually in Heat III.), Wild Woolley came in second, beaten a bare length by Future Cutlet, and on the same night, Melksham Grisel, in a graded race, also came in second. Then, when the Semi-Final Heats of the Derby came along, on June 18, Wild Woolley won his race, and, again in a graded race, so did Melksham Grisel win hers. It is now history that Wild Woolley went on to win the Final of the Derby, and, on that very same evening, Melksham Grisel won the Ladies' Plate, which was the first race, securing the trophy and £15 for her owner, Miss E. G. Lye. Truly a rather remarkable set of coincidences.

Come to the Cook-House Door, Boys!

Greyhounds extremely interested in the dinner menu provided for them at the Greyhound Racing Association kennels at Northaw where the dogs from the White City and Harringay pass their leisure hours

WILD WOOLLEY has accomplished a very extraordinary series of achievements. He has won eight consecutive events, and he has broken the world's record for 500 yards flat at Belle Vue, Manchester, his time being 28.49 seconds. As a puppy, he won the Trafalgar Cup, and this year, as well as winning the Derby, he won the Northern Flat Championship. The dog is only just over two years old, and this makes his record even more remarkable.

SINCE winning the Derby, Wild Woolley has made a triumphant tour of the Greyhound Racing Association tracks, and when he has completed this by visiting Sheffield and Portsmouth, he is to have what I think we will all agree he thoroughly deserves — a quiet holiday with his little friend Melksham Grisel.

Grr... Woof!

Which, reduced to elements of human understanding is an urgent appeal for

Spillers SHAPES

These crunchy, irresistible little dog biscuits in four shapes and four natural flavours: Ginger, Fruit, Wheatmeal and Super.

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Splendid Ozonised Water Swimming Pool.

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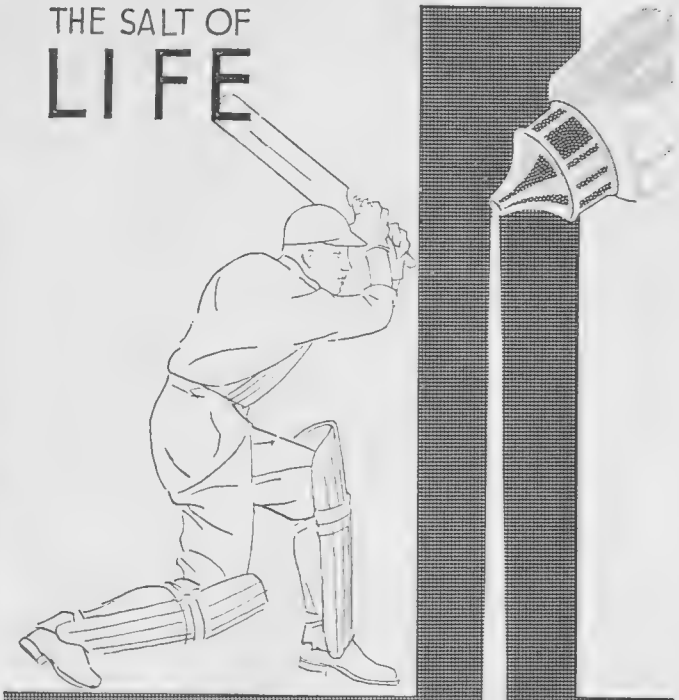

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BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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Sport with the Lid Off

(continued from page 87)

inevitable. By the time you read these notes, no doubt the contest will have taken place, but in the meanwhile I can only bewail Len Harvey's strange fancy for in-fighting, which lost him the title of world's middleweight champion.

MOST of us, I think, expected that Harvey would beat Thil easily, and he began convincingly, making the most of his speed and punching power at long range.

Gradually, however, he abandoned his obvious advantage with the straight left, which had made Thil look like a second-rater, and began to come in close, which was fatal. Thil regained confidence, and then he cut Harvey's eye with a butt which the referee, unfortunately, did not see, and it was not until the last two rounds that Harvey was on top again.

INCIDENTALLY, I thought that M. Devernaz, the Swiss referee, was admirably firm, but it was a pity that he could not speak English. Still, his decision was perfectly correct, and England's chance of a world's championship has once more slipped into the region of improbabilities.

WHETHER Great Britain need be despondent about her prospects in the Olympic Games is another matter, and it seems to me that the A.A.A. Olympic Committee have chosen the best possible team to represent us. There must be some doubt, I suppose, about the physical condition of G. L. Rampling, R. H. Thomas, and R. St. G. T. Harper, though the doctors have pronounced them fit. There is, at any rate, no doubt that Rampling is the most likely of our runners to win a title, and Thomas and Cornes may do well in the 1500-metres. Then there is F. P. Reid, who won the hundred in the Amateur Championships the other day in the useful time of 9 9-10 sec., after he had run two heats, and then went on to win the 220-yards in 22 sec. This was a fine performance on an unset track, and we may reasonably hope for great things from Reid at Los Angeles.

That Draw at Lord's

B. W. Hone, the saviour of the Oxford side in the Varsity match, hits a ball from R. C. Rought-Rought to leg

I HAVE just seen the teams for to-day's Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's, and very interesting they are. I 'm glad to see that the Selection Committee are trying that remarkable all-round athlete, L. G. Crawley, for he is a grand opening batsman, and just the sort of fellow we could do with in Australia. He is, in a sense, a young right-handed Woolley, for he attacks the bowling with all Woolley's gasconading spirit, and he hits the ball as hard as any man in England. If he does go to Australia with the M.C.C. side next winter, he will follow straight on from representing Great Britain at golf in the Walker Cup match against America, and that would indeed be a unique record.

I AM told that L. C. Strachan, the Springbok forward who was over here last winter, has been suspended in South Africa for two months in a curious way. He was playing in a League match, which became very rough, and the referee ordered two of his opponents off the field. In the subsequent inquiry, Strachan was called as a witness, and, simply as the result of his evidence, sentence was passed on him, though he was not mentioned in any way by the referee. Apparently, he said he had been kicked and that he had retaliated, and for telling the truth the officials jumped on him, which seems to me pretty hard. Still, I suppose they are as anxious in South Africa as we are in this country to stamp out foul play of any kind, and the unfortunate Strachan happened to be a convenient object lesson.

I doubt whether there is much dirty play in South Africa, for the Springboks played admirably clean football during their tour, and created an excellent impression. It is good to hear that they are telling their friends in South Africa that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in Great Britain.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

"HANDS ARE IMPORTANT."

As well as rocking cradles, ruling worlds, steering cars, manipulating weapons of sport and utensils of domesticity, hands "give away" psychological secrets. They must—and can, easily—be well kept.

IF one is observant (and I think that the art, science, or instinct of observation is developing in the somewhat critical and blasé age in which we live), one looks for a complete and finished expression of beauty and decoration: a woman with a "model" gown and a hat by a famous milliner does not impress us if her shoes are shoddy and her gloves are soiled. In the same way, a carefully made-up and even well-preserved face loses its appeal when the hand that holds the inevitable cigarette or lifts the delicate gold-cock-embossed glass containing an apéritif—be it alcoholic, orange, grape fruit, or tomato juice—is coarse-grained, discoloured by sunburn or nicotine, with nails ill-shaped and cuticles untended. If one's point of view is æsthetic, such a manifestation is merely unattractive. If it is psychological, one is conscious of a revulsion against character which is flashy, lacking in personal fastidiousness and, in some way, careless of detail and even, perhaps, gross.

There is no excuse. No matter what a woman's avocations or recreations, she can, to-day, keep her hands and nails in good condition with a minimum of care and attention.

THE skin of the hand is not as delicate as that of the face—Nature is wise and far-seeing; but it does definitely show wear and tear and *age*. It should be nourished and revived. One of the best hand lotions I know of for this purpose is the "milky" emollient hand lotion prepared by the Innoxa Company. This has the bleaching and softening properties essential to a good hand lotion, and, at the same time, is nutritive and protective, and it does not leave any stickiness or greasiness, which is an inconvenience in many otherwise estimable preparations.

The same firm have what I should call a complete manicure outfit. There is the hand lotion which, if used regularly after washing and at night, will keep the hands white, smooth and soft, and prevent them from becoming coarse in texture, dry, burned, wizened, and rough as the result of athletic activities or the work which is often contingent upon a summer holiday, picnic meals, etc.

Then there is a fluid for loosening cuticle, removing dry skin or corns at the sides of the nails, which obviates the use of sharp and cutting implements. The Innoxa cuticle cream is excellent, and is to be advocated to soften and refine the skin around the nail, making it much easier to keep the nails clear of encroaching cuticle, preventing the latter from splitting, and counteracting any drying effect which might result from the use of the cuticle remover or polishes and varnishes. The enamel, which is put up in various shades, is a good one, giving a brilliant and lasting surface, and is non-injurious, even to delicate and brittle nails, and there is a complementary enamel remover.

A THING which counts with me in favour of the Innoxa preparations is that they are all based on the prescription of a genuine chemist and dermatologist, Dr. Debat, who has for many years had a high reputation in Paris.

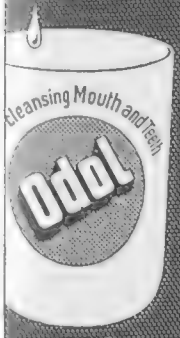
In the last year, since the popularity of their preparations became apparent in this country, the Innoxa people have reorganised their production department, and all their products are now specially adapted to the requirements of English clients, and are manufactured at their laboratories in England under the supervision of Dr. Debat himself.

ensures a healthy mouth

destroys germs

sweetens the breath

arrests decay



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Odol

MOUTH WASH

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BRITISH MADE FOR BRITISH TEETH

Garland B.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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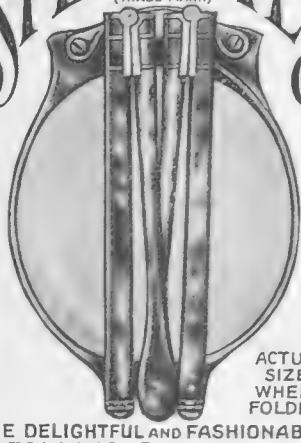

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THE DELIGHTFUL AND FASHIONABLE
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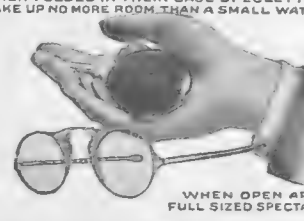
THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHEWS THAT WHEN FOLDED IN THEIR CASE SPECLETTES TAKE UP NO MORE ROOM THAN A SMALL WATCH



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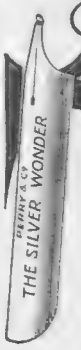

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Harrogate and an 800th Anniversary

An event of special interest in this year's programme for the summer season at Harrogate will be the service at Fountains Abbey to commemorate its 800th anniversary. Fountains Abbey, part of which can be seen in our photograph, is one of the most famous and beautiful historical monuments in the north of England, and is within a short motor-run from Harrogate; it will be floodlit for some weeks after the celebrations. The choirs of Ripon Cathedral, Leeds Parish Church, and Harrogate will take part in the commemoration service, and it is expected that the Duke and Duchess of York will be present. Harrogate will undoubtedly be the centre for visitors coming from other parts of England for this event; standing, as it does, within easy distance of Yorkshire's most lovely dales and moors, it is an ideal headquarters for those who wish to explore this fascinating country. And there are always the waters to be drunk and the baths to be taken!

Accusation and Refutation

The accusation had been levelled so often, and with so much truth, against British designers that they were failing to take advantage of the demand for new designs which fully express modern taste, that the public had become convinced that only from foreign factories and workshops could be obtained artistic productions at anything below prohibitive prices. The productions of Sweden, in particular, were held up with monotonous regularity as an example of something that England did not and could not do.

The "Buy British" campaign, however, besides its economic benefits, has brought other good results in its train, not the least of these being that British designers have undoubtedly been stimulated to emulate the originality and enterprise of designers abroad. The General Electric Company leads the way in this revival, and they are now producing electric-light fittings for the home which are unrivalled in the simplicity and modernity of their design. Chromium-plated metal, that prince of labour-saving inventions, is combined with glass, etched or relieved, white or coloured, to make wall-brackets, pendant lights, ceiling fittings, and standard lamps. They are made for Osram Striplite bulbs; all glare or dazzle is eliminated by the particular kind of glassware used, which is also eminently suited to ceiling lighting, or door or picture surrounds, which need no longer be invisible. For anyone decorating a house and using modern colouring, furniture or materials, it is imperative to study the G.E.C. catalogue of fittings, or to visit their head office at Magnet House, Kingsway, where the full range of productions may be studied. Most of these can be obtained at extremely moderate prices, and are a satisfactory proof that the art of functional design has not been lost in England.

Fountains Abbey

In Sunny Portugal

Mrs. Shakespear and Miss Shakespear standing outside the Estoril-Palacio Hotel. Behind may be seen the Hotel du Parque and the Casino of Estoril, which is one of the newest and most delightful of Continental pleasure resorts

German Derby Winner

Palastpage, the winner of the German Derby, run at Hamburg-Horn, being led in by his owner, Mr. P. Mülhens, of "4711"

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Soufflé au Parmesan

Mix one teaspoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of milk and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter. Stir into this, 8 oz. of Parmesan cheese, and then turn it into a basin and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked, put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half-filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, and serve immediately.

Soufflé Glacé au Parmesan

Whip a gill of cream with a gill of aspic jelly; stir in 3 oz. of grated cheese, season to taste with pepper, salt and made mustard. Put into small china cases, with grated cheese on top, and set on ice till required to serve.

PLATS DE FROMAGE

SOUFFLÉ AU PARMESAN

***

SOUFFLÉ GLACÉ AU PARMESAN

***

CROÛTES À L'ALBERT

***

OMELETTE AU FROMAGE

***

PAILLES AU PARMESAN

Croûtes à l'Albert

Rub some ripe tomatoes through a sieve. Grate 2 or 3 oz. of cheese (or use grated Parmesan), add the yolks of two eggs, and a little cream, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper. Make very hot, and serve on rounds of toast.

Omelette au Fromage

Break three eggs into a basin and whip them well; add salt and pepper, and 2 oz. of grated cheese. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a pan, pour in the egg mixture, and stir quickly to prevent sticking. Keep shaking the pan, spread it over the bottom to let it cook through, and watch it very carefully. When just set, put a knife under the omelette and fold it over. When of a pale brown colour, turn it out of the pan into a hot dish, and serve at once.

Pailles au Parmesan

Make a paste with 6 oz. of flour, 4 oz. of butter, 3 oz. of grated cheese, and as little water as possible; season it with salt, pepper, and a sprinkling of cayenne; roll it out thin, cut into strips four inches long, brush over with yolk of egg, and bake in a rather hot oven until a light brown. Serve hot. The cheese straws look attractive if eight or ten are tied loosely together with baby ribbon and placed at each person's plate at table, but in that case they must be served cold.

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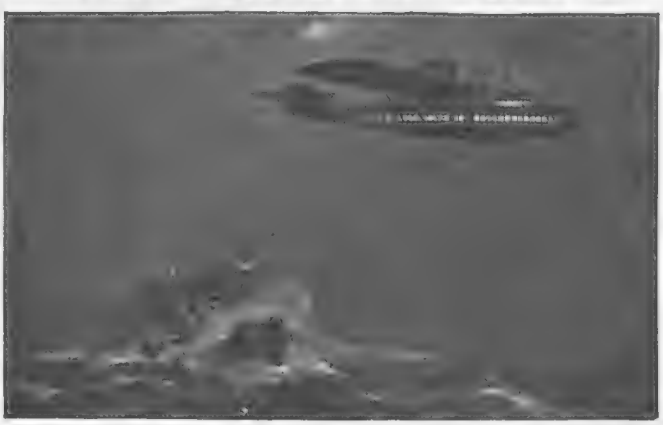

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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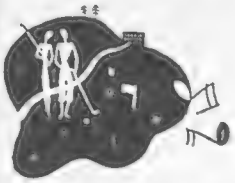

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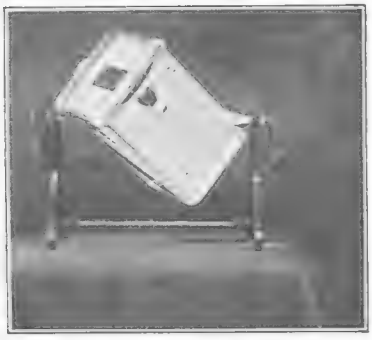

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12	0	×	10	6	.. ..	19	1	6	12	5	0
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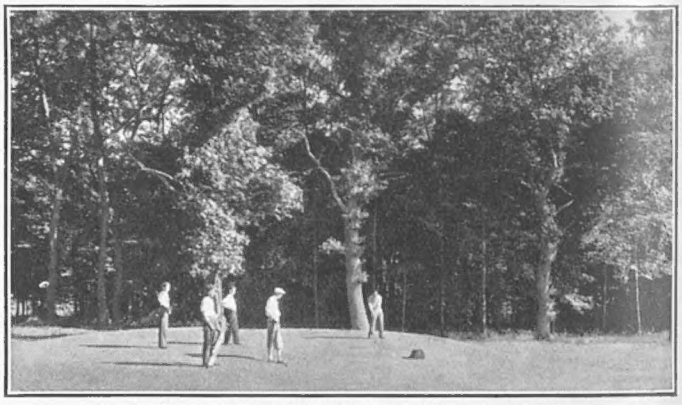

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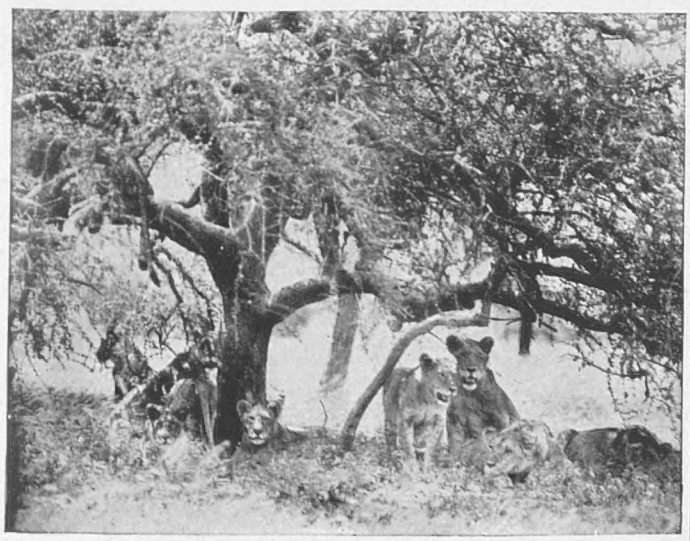

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FASTER TRAINS BY L·N·E·R

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

"Typical of the Times"

"Nov. 1831:—Osbaldeston's[1] remarkable feat at Newmkt has brought astonishment to us all, and has been ye cause of much passing of money. He claimed possibility for ye covering of 200 miles by horse in space of 10 hrs, and to this effect wagered £1000 with Col. Charité.[2] Ye Squire then proceeded to complete ye distance in 8 hrs 42 mins, changing his mount every 4 miles.[3] Many, with hint of derision, laid considerable odds agnst Mr O, only to be easily confounded. In fact, I hear of several who are by no means equipped to meet their creditors."

1. Mr. George Osbaldeston. Well-known sportsman, popularly known as "The Squire."
2. An accomplished cross-country rider, very fond of making extravagant wagers.
3. 28 different horses were actually used.

Lady Angela: "Two hundred miles in under nine hours. What a wonderful ride!"

Sir Edward: "Yes. This Osbaldeston fellow seems to have been a remarkable man. He liked nothing better than to issue thousand-pound challenges for matches over the stiffest country he could find. And it was Osbaldeston, of course, who fought the duel with Lord George Bentinck."

Lady Angela: "Ah, I remember. That duel is mentioned somewhere else in the diary. But apparently some of the people who betted on this two-hundred-mile affair didn't stand much chance of getting their money."

Sir Edward: "Rather typical of the times. Those were the days when a win wasn't a win till the money was actually in your pocket."

Lady Angela: "So, not being equipped with pockets, I should have been a consistent loser."

Sir Edward: "Not at all, Angela. In the eighteen-thirties, to be properly demure you wouldn't have indulged in anything so interesting as racing."

Lady Angela: "And when did my sex come in for its share of the fun?"

Sir Edward: "Well, gradually. But now they are properly catered for by an institution which might well be called 'The Original Movement for the Emancipation of Women Racing Enthusiasts'."

Lady Angela: "Hm. Telegraphic Address 'Duggie'—London, I suppose?"

Sir Edward: "Of course!"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2